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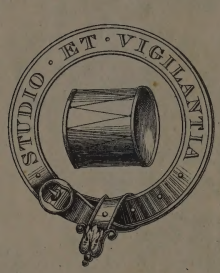

CAR. I. TABORIS.

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HEALTH RESTOR'D,

OR, THE

Triumph of NATURE,

OVER

PHYSICK, DOCTORS, and APOTHECARIES.

In Twelve Entertaining CONVERSATIONS.

Plainly Evincing by REASON, NATURE, and PHILOSOPHY, the Absurdity and Inconsistency of the Practice of *Physicians*; their Ignorance in almost all Distempers; the Insignificancy and Uncertainty of the *Materia Medica*, and the Danger and Folly of making use of them.

Earnestly Recommended,

To those that would preserve HEALTH, and prolong LIFE.

To which is added,

An ESSAY on REGIMEN.

The first Physicians *by Debauch were made;*
Excess began, and Sloth sustains the Trade.
By Chase our long-lived Fathers earn'd their Food,
Toil strung the Nerves, and purified the Blood;
But we their Sons, a pamper'd Race of Men
Are dwindled down to threescore Years and ten,
Better to Hunt in Fields for Health unbought,
Than fee the Doctor for a nauseous Draught.
The Wise for Cure on Exercise depend;
God never made his Work, for Man to mend. Dryden.

The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON.

Printed for J. TORBUCK, in *Clare-Court*; J. BOYDELL, in *Russel-Court*; and F. NOBLE, at *Otway's Head*, in St. *Martins-Court*, St. *Martin's Lane*. MDCCXL.

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THE

PREFACE.

MY *Design in entring upon this Work, was only to Laugh at such, as first abandon themselves to Excess, and afterwards to Physick, for a Remedy against the Evil Consequences of their Intemperance. But so difficult it is to stop the Current of Raillery when the Vein is open, that I could not help making a little merry, also, with such as are Sick, with the* fear *of falling Sick: Neither have I spar'd the Doctors, who sooth up these fanciful Patients in their vapourish Whimsies. That my Reader, therefore, may take my Intention, I must inform him, what I would insinuate is, that, provided he has naturally a tolerable Consti-*

Constitution, with Moderation and Temperance; he may, without the Expence of a Physician, *or an* Apothecary, *in a general Way, preserve himself in a State of Health.*

This I have endeavour'd to inculcate in an allegorical Manner, by introducing the Heart, Stomach, &c. *as Personal Appearances, something Dramatically, or rather, in Imitation of that famous Fable of the Rebellion of the Members against the Belly. The Conversations are conducted in a Method and Disposition new and uncommon, and I hope, entertaining. And I flatter myself, the Justice of the Satire, will be a sufficient Recommendation without the Pomp of a Protector in the Front, or a beggarly Apology in the Rear.*

HEALTH RESTOR'D, &c.

CONVERSATION the First.

Between the HEART *and* STOMACH, *after a luxurious Banquet.*

HEART.

FOR Shame! Away with this exceſſive Intemperance! How often have I told you I can't endure it? Under a plauſible Pretence of heaping Obligations upon me, you are perpetually loading me with inſupportable Burdens; breaking my Meaſures, and diſcompoſing the Method and Order of my Œconomy. If you ſtill continue to proceed in this riotous Manner, what will be the Conſequence? Why, nauſeous Qualms, pungent Paroxyſms, and ſplenetick Vapours, in ſuch Abundance that we ſhall be oblig'd to have Recourſe to a Remedy worſe than the Diſeaſe; *i. e.* to the Phyſicians and Apothecaries. The natural Conſequence of whoſe heterogeneous Mixtures is, to improve the Diſtemper, inſtead of curing the Patient; and to ſpread the malignant Influence of their *Noſtrums* throughout the Body; which are always ſo infallibly productive of intolerable Dolours, that we ſhall even cry to Death every Moment for Relief, when, perhaps, to com-

pleat our Misery, the cross-grain'd Skeleton will prove deaf to our Cries.

STOM. Alas! I thought I had the principal Reason to complain. For, in these revelling Hours, I have so little Power to do as I would, that I can't be heard a Syllable, tho' I exclaim and remonstrate till I am sick again.

HEART. When you have receiv'd as much as may satisfy us, why don't you command the Appetite to shut the Gate? and to tell them, if they'll needs be importunate, that the Passages are stopt; and that no more must enter; a *Stomach* that knows what's good for Life, should not, at Table, gage itself by the Capacity of its Neighbour, but by its own.

STOM. 'Tis true, it might be so as you say, if the first Thing they did, was not to make the Porter drunk; for before the first Course is ended, he is already quite out of his Course, and then I am no more the Master; he suffers himself to be tickled with strong Ragou's; and what is worst of all, he lets every thing pass, upon Assurance given him, that their Business is only to chear and fortify the *Heart*.

HEART. And thus, by his Perswasion, you are overpower'd, and yield.

STOM. Sure enough: Can I deny any thing that's good for you? How would you like it, if I should refuse Entrance to that which hath Orders to go streight to the *Heart*? Your own Conduct confirms me in this; for on such Occasions, you give me Ground to think, that you are no Enemy to good Wine, and strong Liquors.

HEART. I find I am a Stranger to you; for were it not for the Chearfulness that Drink inspires, I should abhor it; and if sometimes I bear with Excess

of

of Wine, it is becauſe the Danger is not ſo great, for you to be full of Liquor, as of ſolid Food.

STOM. Be that as it will, we are to be pitied. It were to be wiſhed for both our Sakes, that under colour of a civil Entertainment, they would not engage us into all the Diſorders of Drunkenneſs and Gluttony.

HEART. And truly it is my Intention, to take ſome Courſe that theſe Debauches may not hurt us; and therefore without more Delay, we muſt reſolve againſt thoſe Abuſes that proceed from that Quantity of Meat and Drink, which they offer and force us to take. For Exceſſes of this Nature are grown ſo exorbitant, that all the Waters and Soil of our Country Produce, fit for eating or drinking, are now-a-days jumbled together on the ſame Table, with the Spice and Sauces of both the *Indies*.

STOM. Nay it is certain that the Quantity and Diverſity of Meats, joſtle us quite out of the right Way of *Health*.

HEART. Do Men think, that becauſe they out-do that plain and ſimple Way of feeding as our Forefathers did, they are therefore more skillful in dreſſing of Victuals, than Nature herſelf, which in the ſeveral Seaſons of the Year produces all that is convenient; tempering the Fruit with a juſt Proportion, and one may ſay, they are as they ought to be, for thoſe that need them, without any Neceſſity of *Addition*, or *Subſtraction* to make them better or more healthful.

STOM. I am perſuaded of the Truth of what you ſay; but——

HEART. Why, but? If a Man thinks that Sugar is of great uſe for Northern People, he is much miſtaken; and an ordinary Prune delights a *Laplander* more than the richeſt Conſerve does a *Genoeſe*;

nay Wine, Brandy, and Punch, would be uſeleſs within the Tropicks, were it not for Cuſtom.

STOM. If we purſue Matters ſo far, we are like to launch out into a long and tedious Voyage: And therefore, though your Sentiments are very juſt, as to the Abuſe of muſtering together in one Diſh the Productions of all the four Parts of the World, and the ſwilling down, in one and the ſame Meal, the moſt exquiſite Liquors of all Sorts; yet, be rul'd by me; let us attempt no more but ſome convenient Moderation in the Matter; for if it be obſerved that we skip from one Extremity to another, we ſhall be but laugh'd at.

HEART. Have Men then loſt their Wits?

STOM. They pretend to quite the contrary; nay, they maintain that the firſt Men were but Beaſts, when Nuts, Medlars, and ſuch-like Fruits ſerved them for Food; they imagine that Nature does but roughhew our Aliments, and that Art muſt bring them to Perfection. Whence likewiſe they conclude, that Nouriſhment being the fundamental Law of Human Soc'ety, they cannot eat and drink too often, ſince all Sorts of Animals are made tame with Food.

HEART. They ought, at leaſt, to obſerve the Rules of Temperance.

STOM. Sure enough: But they fancy, to follow theſe Maxims is not ſo much to Live, as to Languiſh: and if Novelty, and good dreſſing of Victuals carries them beyond the Bounds of Sobriety, they know how to remedy thoſe little Diſorders by a ſpeedy Digeſtion; which not only eaſes and comforts Nature, but enlivens her, and makes her ſtronger than when directed by the Poiſe and Ballance of Sobriety.

HEART. Great Doctors indeed! that ſpeak very boldly of what they don't at all underſtand.

STOM.

STOM. However, I should not complain of their Ignorance, but be willing patiently to suffer, sometimes to be overcharged with Meat and Drink, under what Shape or Figure the Whimsy of the Officer, at the Desire of Gluttons and Parasites disguises them; provided these Surfeitings were not so frequent, and that they were followed by Abstinence and Diet, for by that means I might come to myself again; but it puts me to Despair, when next Day after a Debauch, such as this, I am made the Storehouse of *Cassia* and *Sena*, accompanied with Rhubarb and Scammony; and if that operate not according as the Faculty and College expect, I am condemned to the purging Wine, *Crocus*, that is to say, to the Rack ordinary and extraordinary, which puts me within a Finger's Breadth of Death.

HEART. It is not you that suffer alone, and complain of those ill-timed Prescriptions; and therefore, that we may remedy the same, let us begin by declaring War against all those Enemies of *Health*, who under Pretext of coming to our Assistance, drain us of our Forces and Spirits, so that a whole Age is hardly sufficient to retrieve us from the miserable State we are in, when we get out of the Hands of those Poisoners and Murderers, countenac'd by Luxury, and tolerated by Government.

STOM. Nay, the Truth is, when *Physicians* cure a Disease, the Patient commonly dies of the Cure: You can't think how glad I am to hear the Proposition you make; but do you believe that you and I are strong enough to engage such powerful Enemies?

HEART. Never doubt it; let us but despise them, and we shall certainly get the Victory.

STOM. That will do for the Enemies without; but how shall we reduce those within?

HEART.

HEART. What you ſay wants not its Difficulties; and I foreſee, that it will not be an eaſy Matter to ſurmount *Prejudice*, which beſets our Reaſon. For that Fool hath made her declare ſo poſitively in Favour of *Epicuriſm* and *Phyſic*, that one would think, her Deſign of deſtroying our *Health*, was only to enrich the Traitor and *Phyſician*.

STOM. Oh! I am ready to burſt, and can hold no more; yet my *Noſe* adviſes me of an odd Ragou and a luſty Brimmer they are going to regale me with, Sure I ſhall burſt.

HEART. That's a noble Point of Honour, indeed, To drown one's ſelf, when there is no Neceſſity for it; don't you perceive they are about to make you the Receptacle of all the Bottles that remain in the Ciſtern? as if it were worth while to know, how much exactly you are able to hold.

STOM. I can no longer reſiſt the Evil that oppreſſes me. Help, help! or I ſink under the Burden.

HEART. Extream Evils muſt have extream Remedies: An Inſurrection on ſuch Occaſions is a great Secret, though I ſhould even be reckoned the Author of it——Courage! we are now delivered from what lay heavieſt upon us.

STOM. Ha! how much I am eaſed.

HEART. In Expectation of the Return of the Appetite which is loſt, I have juſt now given Order to Mr. *Crop-ſick* to keep the Door, and ſuffer nothing to enter into your Quarters during the whole Day; and for my Part, I ſhall bravely ſecond him, and demand nothing at all; I'll refuſe whatever may be offered me: In the mean time, to hinder the Inteſtines from interrupting us, I have ordered the Gall to make an entire Evacuation of the Place.

STOM.

STOM. Ha! make use of some other than of that Blade; for if the *Physicians*, who pry into every Thing, perceive that he is concerned in our Affairs, they'll say I have got a *Cholera Morbus*, and that will be enough to make me in a Moment become an *Apothecary*'s Shop.

HEART. Be easy, and take your Rest. I'll go to recall the Spirits from the Organs, to recruit and temper them with a long and quiet Sleep: Afterwards we'll take the best Measures we can, not to relapse into such Disorders again.

STOM. I consent, and with Pleasure betake myself to Sleep: What Pity is it, the Heart cannot, as well as I, taste of these Pleasures! but why do I regret? when a Camp is beset with Enemies, and the Soldiers must have Rest, there is a Necessity for the General to watch.

HEART. Say rather, that in a Town besieged, and on all Sides open, it is only in the Time of Sleep, and during the Darkness of the Night, that the Breaches can be repaired.

CONVERSATION II.

REASON *refusing to answer the Motions of the* HEART, *makes use of* PREJUDICE *to speak to him.*

PREJUDICE.

TALK no more of that; you shall never persuade me, that we are able to judge what is good for the *Health* of the Body, and far less, that we know what is to be done, to preserve or restore it, when it is out of Order.

HEART.

HEART. Was *Reason* here, we should hear another kind of Language.

PREJU. That I question much: For if *Physicians*, skilful and learned as they are, call others to their Assistance, when they themselves are sick; how can weak *Reason*, that never studied, nor took a Degree, understand Diseases, distinguish Symptoms, and proceed to a Cure.

HEART. If the *Degree* made the *Doctor*, *Physicians* would know their own Diseases, and Cure. There can be no greater Sign of their Ignorance, than their craving Assistance of others. Can a Lawyer know the Matter of Fact better than the Party? On such Occasions, the Question is not, how to gild the Pill, but how to plead the Cause? and that's a Thing well worth the Labour. It is our Life that's concerned; and have we any Thing more precious? Conclude then with me, that the *Body* and *Reason* constituting but one and the same Person, there is a Necessity, that when that suffers, this should endeavour for its Relief.

PREJU. These chimerical Unions were good in those Days, when the Husband and Wife were but one Body and one Soul; that Time is past, and *Reason* is convinced, that no Man knowing himself, we must wholly trust our *Health* to those, who labour Day and Night to find out a Specifick and proper Remedy for all Distempers.

HEART. But hold! where are the *Physicians* that study to find out Specificks for Diseases? They are like singing Birds, whose Skill consists only in a Note, Tone, or a Cant that signifies nothing at all.

PREJU. That Note or Cant hath such Charms, it links the Patient's Ear to the *Physician's* Mouth.

HEART.

HEART. What falſe Steps do you cauſe *Reaſon* to make? How do you lead her out of the Way Nature hath preſcribed for enjoying perfect *Health?* How dangerous is it to be poſſeſſed with *Prejudice*, and not to ſee but with anot her Man's Eyes? What have you got, by delivering us over to the College? Is our Stomach the better for it? Do I droop the leſs for it? Our Feet are no longer able to carry us, and the Nodes and Knobs of our Fingers deprive us of the Uſe of our Hands: See now, how the Specific Bills of your Doctors, have compleated the Ruin, which your Debauches begun with Pleaſure.

PREJU. They know your Diſtempers, and the Cauſes of them, better than you do. They proceed only from the bad Temper of your Conſtitution, and a Complication of your Infirmities. Can one quench the burning Heat of your Bowels, without over-cooling your Stomach? or rectify the Tone of this, without over-heating your upper Region?

HEART. Nay, rather ſay, that all our Miſeries proceed only from the draining of our Veins, and the Diverſity of Poiſons that hath been given us: And that's the Reaſon, that in the midſt of our Career, we ſuffer all the Pains and Anxieties of the moſt decrepid and unfortunate Old Age.

PREJU. If you ſuffer, blame the bad Influences of your Aſcendant, and not your *Phyſician*, who always times his Remedies by the moſt favourable *Signs* and *Aſpects*. Hold your Peace then, or talk more diſcreetly.

HEART. When *Reaſon* ſpeaks, and gives me Counſel, I liſten and obey. But ſo long as ſhe will not ſpeak to me but by your Organ, and that in the Language of an Almanack too, I ſhall only conſult *Nature*, *Patience*, and *Sobriety*, with the Examples of thoſe that live under their Laws; of them I ſhall make

Experiments, which agreeing with the *Stomach*, are much better than all the raving of the Mountebank Aſtrologers.

PREJU. We are much agreed upon the Matter; for what have we hitherto done, but followed the Inclination of *Nature*, and granted the *Heart* and *Stomach*, whatever they were pleaſed to demand?

HEART. You have not followed *Nature*, but your own vicious Inclinations; and all the Complaiſance you have had, has been for your own irregular *Appetites*, and not for the *Stomach* and *me:* This had never been, if you had not made *Reaſon* tranſgreſs its Bounds; and ſince ſhe hath forgot her Functions, it is my Duty to tell you of it, that you make her reflect.

PREJU. How now, Inſolence? But let it paſs; the *Heart* loves to comfort himſelf.

HEART. Know then, that Nature, ſo ſoon as a Child is born, being willing to continue her Work to the End, gives the *Stomach* new Orders to demand Food, and the *Intrails* to make good Uſe of it. Now, ſince *Nature* foreſees, that they will ask for more Materials than they know what to do with, without altering or disfiguring her Work, ſhe ſets over them, at the ſame time, in Quality of an Overſeer, or Conſervator, that which is called *Reaſon*, with Power to moderate the *Appetites*, and gently to excite all the ſeveral Parts of the *Body*, diligently to mind their Functions, upon Pain of Suſpenſion, nay, even of Deprivation of *Health*.

PREJU. What does all this tedious Speculation drive at?

HEART. To make you underſtand, that when *Reaſon*, which was abſolute and independant, becomes a Slave, truſting others with her Charge, all Things are preſently out of Order, and in Confuſion. *Health*, wherein

wherein consisted the Beauty of Life, retiring, we become deformed; our well Days are gone, and, maugre all the vain Efforts of *Reason*, sees her Error too late, we are made a Prey to Infirmities and melancholy Reflections.

PREJU. Can *Reason* remedy all Things? Where she cannot be present in Person, her Lieutenants fight under her Banners; and in such Engagements she has got the Victory over many Diseases, under the Conduct and Command of *Physicians*.

HEART. If so, you are much to blame, that you have not erected a Monument to the College, as an Acknowledgement due to the Efficacy of their Remedies, and to the Skill they have shewn in dosing and dispensing them with so much Exactness and Circumspection, that the Blame was not to be laid at their Door, nor yours, if we be not cured of all Diseases.

PREJU. Come, come, let us leave Jesting: It is certain, had it not been for the lucky Boldness of *Physicians*, in draining all your corrupt Blood, and clearing you from the Malignity of your Intestines, at the very Nick of Time prefix'd by the Stars and *Nature*, you could not at present brag, that the Faculty hath made you a new *Body*.

HEART. A new *Body* of the College's making, is not so good as an old one that never pass'd through their Hands; yet I do not deny, but that *Physicians* may, by Chance cure some slight Distemper, when they work upon a good Constitution, but it must be also acknowledged, that we pay dear enough for the Cure.

PREJU. What matters that, provided ye live?

HEART. Is that to live, when we come out under the Doctors Hands, to lead so brittle and languishing a

Life, that for the leaſt Deviation from the ſtrict Rules they preſcribe, and which they themſelves cannot obſerve, we fall into Relapſes worſe than the Diſeaſe. To undeceive you then, in one Word, of the great Opinion you have of the vaſt Extent of their Knowledge, and the Infallibility of their Receipts, know——

PREJU. What can you ſay as to that, which I do not know?

HEART. That your *Phyſicians*, having conſumed upon a poor Patient the whole Stock of their ſhallow Art, without being able to kill or cure him; it is not enough for them to lay the Blame upon the occult Malignities that reign in the Elements, but they muſt likewiſe quarrel with the Heavens and Stars. At length, to ſlip the Collar, they leave off preſcribing, and adviſe the Patient to a Milk Diet; and if he find himſelf no better for it, they ſend him to the *Bath*, *Tunbridge*, or *Epſom* Wells, and then to his native Air; for they chuſe he ſhould die out of the Reach of his Acquaintance. In the mean while, the Patient gains by their Evaſions, and recovering his Liberty, gets into the Way of *Nature* again, and by that Means eſcapes their Tyranny.

PREJU. I can no longer endure thoſe injurious Reflections againſt a Faculty, to which the *Heart*, that finds Fault with it, owes a particular Obligation.

HEART. What, pray, hath it done for *me* then?

PREJU. Don't you as yet perceive, that the Faculty hath rejected the Speculation of Urines, and truſts no more but to your Motions? That they inſpire into her all the Oracles ſhe pronounces, do you reckon that nothing?

HEART. Nay, if it were poſſible, leſs than nothing.

PREJU

PREJU. And yet it is really true, that *Physicians* now-a-days ground their Conjectures only upon the Consequences that they draw from the March of the *Pulse*, and prescribe nothing, but according to the Quality of the Blood, which they draw from the *Veins*.

HEART. It is in vain for the *Physician* to consult me, if he understand not my Language. Can he draw good Consequences from my Motions, if he be ignorant of the Cause of them? Does he know, that at every Turn I receive unexpected Orders, which make me change and alter my Pace? Do they know, that *Nature* would have me march slowly in good Way, that is to say, when the *Blood* is thin and subtle; and that when it is thick, I should double my Pace. In a Word, it is with my Motions as with Faces, which are all alike, and all unlike one another. After all, what Judgment can a *Physician* make of *Blood* exposed to the Air, which by being let out, loses what was essential to it with that which remains in the *Veins*? And then, because he has seen my *Blood* look sometimes one Way, and sometimes another, can he tell the better for that, what *Nature* intends to do with it?

PREJU. Yes, he must needs know the better, seeing he rectifies *Nature*, and turns her as he pleases.

HEART. That is easily said, but hard to prove; take my Word for it, a *Physician* can better irritate *Nature*, than rectify her: But it is a Comfort for those who have no Commerce with him, that he cannot spoil the Intentions of a good Mother towards her Children, who takes Pleasure to rectify their Errors, when they trust to her.

PREJU. Who doubts but that *Nature* is helpful, and infallible in her Operations, and that she must be observed, and nothing done but in Conjunction with her? But when there is Need of Remedies, to whom

can

can we better apply ourſelves, than to the *Phyſicians*, who are her Children?

HEART. To *Nature*, I tell you, who ſuggeſts what Remedies are fit for thoſe whom ſhe governs, which are ſo much the better and more pleaſant, that they are earneſtly deſired, and prepared by her own Hand. It's by that Means alone, that we procure a ſetttled *Health*, which laſts till *Nature*, untwiſting the Thread of Life, makes Death as ſoft to us as our *Sleep*; whereas your *Phyſicians*, having rent and torn us during the Courſe of a long Diſeaſe, deliver us up to Death amidſt a Thouſand Pains and Tortures.

PREJU. Will you never let thoſe Gentlemen alone, whom you cannot reverence too much? Could you, without them, enjoy that pure and freſh *Blood*, which they have the Goodneſs to renew every New Moon? Without that Prevention, you would be furniſhed with nothing but aduſt *Blood*, which would raiſe your Choler every Hour of the Day. In fine, had it not been for them, you had long ago been ſwallowed up by the Vapours of your *Spleen* and Meſentery.

HEART. Mercy on me! What Gibberiſh is this?

PREJU. Nay, what Language is this I hear? And, once for all, remember, that it belongs to *Reaſon*, whom I repreſent, to command, and you to obey.

HEART. Alas! What Conduct is this! What will become of me!

CONVER-

CONVERSATION III.

The HEART, *diſſatisfied with* PREJUDICE, *confederates with the* STOMACH, *for returning under the Laws of Nature.*

STOMACH.

FRom whence come all theſe Sighs and Sobs? What is the Cauſe of ſo great a Dejection? What is it that troubles you? Is there no Way left to comfort you? I have diſcharg'd my Functions; I am free; and though weak, yet in a Condition to perform all that you can deſire: Command what you would have done; ſpeak, I pray; it ſeems, you have forgot, that Sadneſs is the Poiſon of the *Heart*. I muſt, coſt what it will, chear you up.

HEART. Ah! I burſt for Anger, I am undone, and e'en reduced to Deſpair. Shall it be ſaid, that the *Heart* muſt depend, ſo long as it lives, upon *Reaſon*, that ſays and does nothing, but by the Intervention of a headſtrong and extravagant Fool? No! She muſt of Neceſſity either turn away that ſame *Prejudice*, or I muſt ſhake off the Yoke of her Empire. Ha! *Prejudice*, how much Miſchief haſt thou done us? And how much art thou ſtill like to do?

STOM. You have already ſpoken to me of that *Prejudice*, tell me, if you can, who ſhe is.

HEART. Why, ſhe is the Daughter of that *Gluttony*, who hath endeavoured a thouſand Times to make us burſt at Table.

STOM. By whom had your *Debauchee* that fooliſh Girl?

HEART.

HEART. Why, by the eldeſt Daughter of the College.

STOM. What, by *Pharmacy*, Twin-Siſter to pale *Phlebotomy*, who, by her old Husbands, hath had *Epilepſy*, *Palſy*, *Apoplexy*, *Conſumption*, *Dropſy*, and *Jaundice*.

HEART, By the very ſame, and that by this good Token too, that ſhe went but three Months with her; which is the Reaſon ſhe's call'd *Prejudice*, or *Prevention*.

STOM. How three Months! That's a Thing unheard, it cannot be: Or elſe ſhe muſt have thought, that a big Belly was juſt like ſome Kinds of *Phyſick* ſhe gives, which come away as ſoon as taken.

HEART. Faith, I can't tell; but it is certain, that before, *Phyſicians* thought it enough to ſay, that a Child of ſeven Months might live, and by a Miracle one of five. At preſent, for Kindred Sake, they have concluded, that this might live at three Months, founding their Opinion on this, that it was but ſo long ſince the Marriage was celebrated.

STOM. Can you deſire a more convincing Argument. According to that Aphoriſm, a Child of eight Days might live, as well as a Child of nine Months: But tell me, What Courſe has been taken to bring up that pretended *Abortive?*

HEART. Why as ſoon as it was born, the College took Care of it.

STOM. Nay, that's not to be wondered at; for it is not of yeſterday, that Grand-fathers and Grand-mothers dote upon their Grand-children.

HEART. The firſt Nouriſhment they gave it was *Phyſick*, under Colour of purging it from a Venom that we bring into the World with us; which, as the

Doctors

Doctors say, early or late puts us in Danger of Death. But all this Precaution hath not hindred, but that *Prejudice* is at present grown a little vain glorious Rattle-head, in a Word, a giddy-brain'd thing, that takes Pleasure to speak Nonsense, and to maintain them. Nevertheless, seeing she takes it of her Father to be pleasant Company at Table, and of her Mother, to cajole and flatter in Sickness; she hath managed those little Talents so well, that *Reason* hath made her her Favourite.

STOMACH. Her Favourite!

HEART. Yes, her Favourite, and so much her Favourite, that I can no ways come to the knowledge of the Sentiments of *Reason*, but by her Means.

STOMACH. We were so well governed without the help of *Reason*, during the first year of our Life; that one would think we might still go on, and fulfill our Course without her interfering.

HEART. We must not flatter ourselves, if in our young and tender Age we tasted the Cream of perfect *Health*; for *Nature* at that time took care of us, she was our Guide in the Infancy of *Reason*: And seeing we are not as yet come to that Age, wherein *Reason* and *Nature* must give way to Habit and Custom, we ought of Necessity to obey *Reason*, provided she acts fairly with us, and listens favourably to our Grievances: But perceiving that she is obstinately resolved not to unmask *Rrejudice*, nor to govern us without Disguise; I am resolved at the Peril of my Life and Fortune, to acknowledge her no more, could I be but as well assured of you, as I am already of a considerable Number of the other Members of our Empire.

STOMACH. You may rely on me, as much, if not more, than any other.

HEART. But before you declare yourself openly against the Faculty, consider with yourself, if you are able, all of a sudden, to shake off the Habit of taking *Physick*; for I know very well you will be plyed first with purgative Preservatives, then with corroborative Digestives, and lastly with carminitive-Aperitives.

STOMACH. The Truth is, this poor *Body* thinks itself very happy, when it misses a Day without letting *Blood*, or taking a lusty Dose of *Physick*, when it is excused for the Evening and Morning Service; that is to say, for a couple of Glysters, with some usual Pills for a Prelude to Dinner and Supper, without which, they pretend, we cannot live. Think what Joy it would be, if we could free ourselves from this Slavery?

HEART. All these panick Fears, scare none but little Children: We'll remedy all these Apprehensions, by only laying an Embargo on the Mouth. Speedily put ourselves in a Condition to baffle the Attempts which *Prejudice* will make to conquer us, as soon as ever she comes to understand that we oppose and revolt against her.

STOMACH. What hinders you from telling me your Thoughts in Relation to that?

HEART. That we may not be disappointed in the Discovery of the Secret I intend to communicate to you, and the Measures we are to take; hinder your Appetite from making a Noise, and shut all the Doors so fast, that nothing may be able to interrupt us. Above all things, let us take care the *Liver* suspect nothing. I have some Cause to mistrust him.

STOMACH. And I to complain of him. However the Orders are given, you may say all you please, I attend.

HEART. Know then I have had a long Conference with *Prejudice*, but got so little Satisfaction therein, that I have resolved no longer to submit to the Government of that Favourite: This is not all; I have engaged the nobler Parts in our Concerns, and especially all that live in the Region of Circulation. Besides, I have so well managed the *Senses*, by the Mediation of *Common Sense*, that they are resolved no more to hear nor see *Physicians*, far less to *smell*, *touch*, or *taste* any the least Thing that comes from them, so that they have declared in our Favour.

STOMACH. A fair Progress, indeed.

HEART. That is not all neither, I have so far prevailed with the *Brain*, who provoked at the Irregularities that *Prejudice* causes there, will follow all my Motions. I have pushed on the Matter so far, that *Sleep*, which by Turns disposes of the whole *Body* as well as *Reason*, and if one dare say so, more absolutely than she, hath promised me, for facilitating of our Enterprize, to anticipate as much as may be, upon the Time allotted to *Reason*, and thereby to shorten the Duration of her Reign. I tell you nothing of Dreams, though I make great Esteem of them; for you know they desire as much as we, the Return of the Golden Age, of which they still retain all the Ways of acting.

STOMACH. But suppose every one do what they have promised, who is to be entrusted with the Management of the Whole?

HEART. *Nature*, from whom we must all take Orders.

STOMACH. That's well: But consider that *Nature* is a very simple kind of Thing for the People, who, as it is said, would see the Gods march before them. And therefore it would be convenient, besides that Pilot, to give the People also an Anchor, to which

they might faſten their Hopes, during the Tempeſt of Diſeaſes.

HEART. That I intend to do hereafter, for I purpoſe to retrieve the Honour of *Experiments*, the Name * whereof rendered odious by our Enemies. By that Means *Medicine* will be brought back to its Original, and become ſo familiar and natural, that no body will need any other *Phyſician* but himſelf, only applying what he ſhall find proper for his Diſtemper.

STOMACH. The Scheme is good, and the Deſign pleaſes me well. But ſeeing States paſs not from one kind of Government to another without Danger, would it not be convenient to appoint ſome Subſtitute to Nature, who might be acceptable to her, and take the Conduct and Government of us in our firſt Eſſay?

HEART. Nature hath provided for that, by ſuggeſting to me to make uſe of *Sobriety* and *Patience*, who underſtand the Conduct of the *Body* perfectly well: For if they be not the Mothers, they are at leaſt the Nurſes and Governants of *Health*; and beſides that, I'll paſs my Word for them, they are the declared Enemies of Indiſpoſitions, nay and of moſt Diſeaſes too.

STOMACH. I know it, and willingly ſubmit to their Direction. To let you ſee how much I am perſuaded of what you ſay, I deſire a Favour of you, that *Sobriety* would preſently come and eſtabliſh the Seat of her Empire with me. You know, as I lie moſt open, ſo I am the moſt expoſed to our Enemies, and therefore I cannot be too well fortified, nor too ſoon put into a Poſture of Defence. With her Aſſiſtance I ſhall bridle *Appetite*, and perform my Functions at more Leiſure, to the Advantage of thoſe who are concerned.

* *Empirick.*

HEART.

HEART. I am overjoyed to find that you have prevented me. Since then *Reason* neglects to poſſeſs the Poſts of the *Stomach* when Men eat, and to go to the *Heart*, when ſhe would put in Execution her great Thoughts in the *Head*; I think it convenient, *Sobriety* take up her Quarters with you, and let *Patience* have the Charge to make head againſt *Reaſon*, to what Side ſoever *Prejudice* may turn her; conſidering the frequent Recruits and Aſſiſtances that we ſhall ſend to *Patience*, it will be no eaſy Matter to baffle her.

STOMACH. If *Patience* be as well ſeconded by others, as *Sobriety* ſhall be by me, doubt not but we ſhall obtain the Victory.

CONVERSATION IV.

The STOMACH, *preſſed with Hunger, talks of good Cheer, which* SOBRIETY *ſuffers, the better to compaſs its Ends.*

SOBRIETY. *The* STOMACH.

SOBRIETY. I AM very ſenſible of your inteſtine Jarrs, as well as you, and the Importunities of your Appetite: But you muſt be firm, and reſiſt their griping Sollicitations, till the Hour when you uſed to gratify them be paſt. They'll trouble you no more after. Come, Courage; let us talk of the Pleaſures that accompany *Health*.

STOMACH. You ſay well. But conſider likewiſe that a hungry *Belly* has no Ears. The Hour of eating

is

is when one is hungry. I am torn to-pieces! I cannot hold out, I die!

SOBRIETY. Are not you ashamed to cry for Hunger like a Child?

STOMACH. Consider, I pray, my *Liver* is large and hot; he cannot be put off with the Amusements and Excuses Abstinence makes use of, to beguile Hunger which devours me. A Crust of Bread and a Glass of Wine, or I faint.

SOBRIETY. You'll revive that famous *Glutton* of Antiquity, who finding no one *Body* to stand by him for the Space of a whole Day, in eating and drinking, made his four Meals with four different Clubs of Epicures.

STOMACH. I do not talk of four Meals, but of one which may last as long as my Appetite. Suffer not, I pray, that Fasting over-heat my *Choler* more than it has already, unless you desire to see me fall into a fainting Fit.

SOBRIETY. Is this the Effect of all the fair Promises you just now made to the *Heart?* But I am not startled at those Weaknesses: my Orders must be put in Execution; and all the Ways you take to persuade me, are so many Motives that incline me to do nothing at all. If you be hot, take a little Water.

STOMACH. What! Water?

SOBRIETY. Yes, Water,

STOMACH. If you had said Strong-Waters, it had been some Comfort; but mere Element, common Water; is it possible I can taste it, and not expire?

SOBRIETY. You shall taste it, and not expire. It is far better for you in the Condition you are in, than

than the Oil you would pour upon the Fire, which would consume you.

STOMACH. Alas! where is now the Time, when I began my Day with a lusty Dish of Chocolate, or a Mess of hearty Jelly Broth, which some Hours after was followed by an Embassy of Pottage, consisting of a Dozen of plump young Pidgeons, swimming in Gravy, or other convenient Liquor, and attended with forced Meats, Cocks-combs, Palats, Mushrooms, and the rest of that savoury Train; which, as Deputies from their Principals, come to compliment the *Taste*, and advertise me, that whole Nations were upon their March, to submit themselves entirely to the absolute Disposal of the *Appetite?*

SOBRIETY. What, do you still look back? Have you forgot, that you regret the Want of that, which has been the Cause of all your Ills? That the least Punishment which the Excess of good Chear inflicts upon those who give themselves over to it, is to be loaded with a hundred Weight of useless Fat? These Surfeitings are no ways excusable but in an old *Scythian*, who desires to be fat, that his Kindred may feed upon him with Pleasure.

STOMACH. If you draw these Consequences from what has been said, what think you of the same being flank'd with the Dishes of the four Elements and Season of the Year affords, and that only for the first Course?

SOBRIETY. I would say that all these are but so many Snares, laid for *Health*, and I should long for those delicious Repasts, which consist only in one Dish furnished with one Sort of Meat, of which every one takes as much as he hath need: I would have Judgment and not Necessity to be the Carver for the *Appetite*.

STOMACH.

STOMACH. There are many, who care as little as you for these Preludes, and who never fall to eating in good earnest, till they see a good *English* Piece of roast Beef and Pudding on the Table.

SOBRIETY. In such dangerous Occasions, I commend those who begin and end with the Beef.

STOMACH. How is it possible to stop there? when other Meats are served up half concocted; if they be but in the least moistned with Wine cooled in Ice, they do no more than pass through us without any Stay. And it's well they are so; for roast Meats and Salats, crowned with Flowers and green Leaves, present themselves with so pleasant a Mien, so well disposed to follow that which went before, that it is hard to determine which of these *Meats* ought to be allowed the Favour of entring first; this verifies the saying: That well cooked Meats invite the *Stomach*.

SOBRIETY. You make them say and do as you please. Seeing you covet them, you are before-hand with them, and before they present themselves to the Mouth, the Eyes have already made Way for them to the *Stomach*.

STOMACH. That may be; though I am not always in a Condition to admit of all that the Eyes covet.

SOBRIETY. For my Part, I cannot comprehend how so much Victuals can find Room in so small a Place.

STOMACH. It would not be without Difficulty, were they not ushered in by a ravishing Steam which the Smell devours; and if they came not afterwards armed at Sharps, with Lemons and Oranges, seconded by the Acrimony of Salt, and Fire of Spices; being in that Equipage, you see how easy it is for them to force all that stands in their Way, either to give Place, or to fly for it.

So-

SOBRIETY. I very well conceive, that the laſt Comers chaſe the former; but ſeeing that is not done in an Inſtant, how do you reconcile the roaſt with the raw, the burning hot with the Ice-cold, the Pepper with the Sugar? for it is impoſſible ſo many different Gueſts can agree well together.

STOMACH. Nothing more true, theſe different Aliments brought from oppoſite Climates, and contrary Elements, impatiently ſuffer the Conſtraint to which they are reduced. Judge then, what Torment I am in, when that grows to exceſs, as it happens almoſt daily, becauſe the Laws of the Table ſlight all my Grievances.

SOBRIETY. In the Manner you ſpeak, I fancy I ſee within you an Army of different Nations, more inclined to Mutiny and Revolt, than to do you any good Service.

STOMACH. You ſay well, but were I in that ſad Condition, to compare myſelf to any Thing, it ſhould be to *Charon*'s Boat, after a bloody Battle, becauſe all thoſe different Perſons you ſpeak of, pour in upon me, maimed, torn, haſht, and cut, having endured all the Rigour of Fire and Sword.

SOBRIETY. Does not Drink make them Friends?

STOMACH. Not altogether, though all of them earneſtly deſire to be moiſtned, and look upon Drink as the Solace of their Pains. Thence it is that the more one drinks, the more one deſires to drink.

SOBRIETY. Whence comes that greedy Deſire of drinking without Thirſt, ſince the Debauches of old; would not have *Bacchus* go without his Nymph, what does one get by being drunk?

STOMACH. Why, it's becauſe no Drink but that which intoxicates, can eaſe the Troubles and Miſeries of Life: And though Wine does not wholely diſſipate the Anxieties of this miſerable Life, yet it ſuſpends them at leaſt; for if Wine diſcharges not the Debtor, it gives him a Letter of Licenſe: Nay it is even ſo inſolent as to ſet upon *Reaſon* and vanquiſh her: And of its own plenary Power without Commiſſion, enſlaves the Maſter and ſets the Slave free.

SOBRIETY. Wine, by what you ſay, is a Sword in the Hand of a mad Man.

STOMACH. It is nevertheleſs a ſure Means to diſcover Mens Tempers, and to pump out the Secrets of the *Heart*.

SOBRIETY. Wine ought to be either prohibited, or reduced within the Bounds of Cheerfullneſs and Pleaſure.

STOMACH. Men are ſo well ſatisfied of the Truth of what you ſay of the Fury of Wine, and the Moderation there ought to be obſerved in it, that it is put into the keeping of the Servants, during the Time of Meal, with Orders not to fill a Glaſs unleſs it be call'd for, inſomuch that there is no Exceſs committed ſo long as the Maſters keep themſelves within the Bounds of Modeſty or Shame, and the Lacquies by Obedience and Fear; but though Wine be ſerved with ſo much Circumſpection, it is not ſo with the Muſhrooms, *Caviare*, *Botargo*, and *Bolonia* Sauſages, with Tarts, Creams, Cuſtards, and in general, all that the Seaſon affords to delight or tickle the Palate with.

SOBRIETY. Why don't they baniſh from the Table all Superfluity, and furniſh it only with what Neceſſity requires.

STOMHCH.

STOMACH. They are so far from rejecting what offers, that they find out Things which ought never to be served up, as Shallot, Rocambole, and mouldy stinking rotten old Cheese, that offends the Smell, and pleases Nothing but a jaded and stupified Palate:

SOBRIETY. It's a Thing I cannot conceive, how you can distinguish one Thing from another, in the Disorder and Confusion they are forc'd on you, and what Course you can take in that deplorable Condition, for your Ease and Comfort.

STOMACH. I have instantly Recourse to Rose-water and other delicious Waters, that are served up with the Fruit, the Humidity and Cold whereof temper and allay the Heat of the Wine, and the Fire of the Spices. I sip also of Citron Water, or some other pleasant Cordial, which bringing up the Rear, forces the Stragglers to double their Pace; but seeing these Amusements rather soften and qualify the Evil than cure it, there is a Necessity of using more powerful Remedies, *viz.* Tea &c. which piercing through that great Body of Meat, breaks, dissolves and hurries it away into those Places where I pretend to take no Cognisance.

SOBRIETY. What, don't you fear to precipitate your Digestion?

STOMACH. No, I cannot moisten them too soon, nor too warmly nor even too abundantly; for the most liquid of my Cargo passing through at first; I have often found by Experience, that if I moisten not with these hot Drinks, the rest remains in a Manner stranded, as a Ship upon the Sand, at low Water.

SOBRIETY. When that happens, why don't you expect the next Tide, to get your Vessel a Float again?

STOMACH. Oh: this would be too long for me to suffer; for that heavy and undigested Mass, which I devoured to stay my craving Hunger, one may still hear the bellowing of the Ox, and the grunting of the Pig, these Bodies never being so divided but they still retain some Qualities of their last Specification.

SOBRIETY. And at that Noise, do not your Neighbours come to your Assistance?

STOMACH. Yes, they do, and especially the *Liver*; but if through Weakness or any other Accident, he performs not all he ought on my Account, then the *Gall* or *Spleen* supply his Defect; after all I must confess that in my greatest Oppression, the *Heart*, of all others, is the readiest to procure me Ease.

SOBRIETY. Can it be taken amiss, that knowing all these Disorders, I avoid junkerting where *Health* is in greater Danger, than the forlorn Hope in the Day of Battle: These Relations fill me with Horror; However I excuse what you have alledged; for it is natural when one is hungry to speak of good Cheer. I am therefore more than ever confirmed in my Maxims, and once again I beg of you to take no more to Day.

STOMACH. I could not have believ'd I should so easily have obeyed you, when urged to the contrary daily by Parasites that eat at my Table; but now I have dismiss'd them, I am satisfied; and perceive it is more by Custom than Necessity, that People eat to Excess.

CON-

CONVERSATION V.

Between PREJUDICE *and* SOBRIETY.

SOBRIETY. I'M either mistaken, or there comes our Enemy; let all be upon their Guard.

PREJUDICE. What, have you the Insolence to take upon you to act as Sovereign? you wretched Spawn of Fasting and Abstinence, that neither dares Eat nor Drink but by Weight and Measure; do you assume a Power to give Laws where I come?

SOBRIETY. Why who are you?

PREJUDICE. Who am I? it is sufficient I have Authority from *Reason*, to oblige you to acknowledge and obey me.

SOBRIETY. I make it my Honour to acknowledge and obey *Reason*; but if she has invested you with her Authority, give me a Proof of it, by ordaining in Favour of a Body overcharged, a Suspension of strong Food, and much *Physick*; for that in the Sequel, cannot but produce good Effects: In the first Place——

PREJUDICE. In the first Place, hold your Peace: or get you gone: I neither love Speeches nor Speech-makers. Hoa there! *Appetite* awake, *Senses* bestir your selves, and *Body* prepare every Part for a luxurious Meal.

SOBRIETY. Nay, say rather, prepare for Death.

PREJUDICE.

PREJUDICE. What, do I hear thee ſtill, walking *Skeleton*, do you forget you have been baniſhed out of all ſuch Houſes as this, where Joy and Wealth abound? get hence, or I'll ſend you packing with a Volley of Glaſs Bottles about your Ears. None but ſuch as thou art, who lead'ſt a wretched Life, ought to think on Death: Learn to reverence and honour *Reaſon* in my Perſon.

SOBRIETY. You may have the Power, but you want the Language of *Reaſon*, or you may make her act the Part of Gluttony and Drunkenneſs.

PREJUDICE. What, won't you hold your Peace yet?

SOBRIETY. No; on the contrary, liſten rather to me, than to *Intemperance* that poiſons your Ears. Conſider how little *Health* we have remaining, and therefore put us not in danger of loſing that. It is impoſſible to reconcile voluptuous Irregularity with ſound *Health*.

PREJUDICE. It is in vain for you to hold forth here; no body will hear you. It is my Pleaſure, that forthwith, nay inſtantly, the *Stomach* prepare itſelf with theſe nouriſhing Broths, and the *Palate* may delight herſelf with theſe various Diſhes and delicious Wines. Courage! my *Senſes*, theſe exquiſite Dainties are ſo many Sacrifices which I conſecrate to your Deſires.

SOBRIETY. Had you to do with a Child whoſe Nurſe you were, I ſhould not think it ſtrange, if you made it your Buſineſs to cram it with Meat, that ſo you might have time to take your Pleaſure whilſt it ſlept. But what can *Reaſon* do in a *Body* overcharged with Meat and Drink?

PRE-

PREJUDICE. She triumphs over our mortal Enemy *Emptineſs*.

SOBRIETY. Strange Depravation! the Conſequences of this muſt be prevented, if it be poſſible; I have taken care for all.

PREJUDICE. Whence is it that no body obeys me? Why does the *Stomach* reſiſt my Orders? and what can have made the *Heart* riſe againſt Victuals?

SOBRIETY. That's well.

PREJUDICE. Send for a *Phyſician* quickly, call an *Apothecary*, we muſt prevent the Diſtemper: Theſe are the fine Effects of the ridiculous Sufficiency of *Sobriety*.

SOBRIETY. You may ſpeak as ill of me as you pleaſe, but why muſt this poor *Body*, having by a Miracle eſcaped out of the Hands of the Cook and Butler, be now delivered up to the *Doctor* and *Apothecary*? Do you think it is with Life, as with a Torrent, which as ſoon as it gets over a Precipice ſcatters and loſes it ſelf by its Diffuſion?

PREJUDICE. If your Word was to be taken, I ſhould be like one of your Rope-dancers without a Pole, that cannot make one Step without being in Danger of breaking his Neck. I renounce all theſe Circumſpections; a ſhort and ſweet Life is better, than, like *Tantalus*, to languiſh without eating or drinking, in the midſt of Plenty and Abundance.

SOBRIETY. However, they that Sup with me have no Head-ach the next Morning: You cannot go out of the right Path without Danger. It is not my Deſign to deprive the *Body* of Food, but to put it in the Way how to make a right Uſe of it; for I am not ignorant that there is as much or more Danger in long faſting, than in much eating; *Reaſon* taught me theſe Maxims,

Maxims, at that Time when she put the *Appetite* under my Government.

PREJUDICE. That Time is past; *Reason* was then well served, now-a-days she is betrayed; but soon or late she'll revenge herself: for being Mistress of the *Head*, she will reduce the Rebels when she has a mind to it, and perhaps sooner than they think, to a true animal Way of Living.

SOBRIETY. In good time be it so, we'll willingly submit; and are so far from looking on that as an Injury, that we accept of it as a Favour. Nay, I can assure you, that we desire nothing more than that *Reason* were always in the *Head*; for we shall thereby better dispose all that is necessary for the Organs of *Reason*; and it shall be none of our Fault, if she discharge not her Functions with Pleasure.

PREJUDICE. You have the wrong Sow by the Ear, if we mutually retrench ourselves in the *Head*; never fear it, we shall caution ourselves against the Rheums and Distillations that might overwhelm us in that Redoubt: and if *Betony* be not sufficient to guard us against them, we shall leave recourse to *Tobacco*, nay to *Euphorbium*. In a word, we shall leave no Means untry'd to secure us from your Attempts.

SOBRIETY. Do you consider well what you say? your needless Precautions move me to Pity. To avoid a natural Dependance that hath no bad Consequence, you are running into mortal Slavery, which will drag you through a thousand Corruptions into Horrors that I dare not name.

PREJUDICE. I scorn your Prognostication.

SOBRIETY. You'll not scorn them long; for do not imagine that *Nature* will suffer you to pollute the

Seat of her Empire, by a shameful Commerce you intend to have with those Drugs.

PREJUDICE. You talk very expert and pertinent; like enough, it's to you, *Nature* reveals her secret Intentions.

SOBRIETY. I have Knowledge sufficient to acquaint you, that *Nature* has intended to place *Reason* there, where she should be neither hot nor cold, neither dry nor moist, but that all these Qualities should meet, without Predominance of one above another. Now, if you pretend to trouble that Disposition, I declare, in the Name of *Nature*, and all the Parts of the *Body*, they'll employ all their Forces to hinder it; and so long as they have one Drop of Humidity, they'll make it ascend from the *Heel* to the *Head*, rather than fail to purify it from your destructive Schemes.

PREJUDICE. There is nothing that I more passionately desire, than to see her make that Career. As it is my whole Business to drain the Water out of the *Body*, if I can but compass my Ends by the Vertue of Tobacco, we shall see what *Nature* will do to get more.

SOBRIETY. Know then, that there is nothing impossible to *Nature*, when she endeavours our Preservation. Inward Impediments interrupt the Course of our *Health* often in the Reparation thereof; if *Nature* stands in Need of Water or Air, she calls for it; if denyed, she converts the Food we take, into what's proper for her. If the malignant Humour be in any Part of the *Body*, where the Air, the Humidity and ordinary Transpiration are not effectual enough, *Nature* forces these Impurities to muster together in some Place, where being wisely disposed and ripened, the same *Nature* commands the Skin to open a Passage by

which they are expell'd. And this is the Way she delivers us from bad Humours, in what Region soever of the *Body* they occur.

PREJUDICE. Well then! let's imitate *Nature*. Come dear Tobacco, come, and by reiterated Sneezings, open a Passage to the Torrent of Defluxions, wherewith they would drown the Brain; Delightful Weed! is there any living without thee? And were it not for thee, could our Life be happy?

SOBRIETY. That Course you take does not ease but destroy the *Body*. It's a changing the Order of *Nature*, to void the Excrements by the *Mouth* and *Nose*, which never was intended by her: And having given you this Advice, I have no more to say; but remember, if any bad Accident happens, which I do but too certainly foresee, you alone must answer for it.

PREJUDICE. All in good Time.

SOBRIETY. Farewell. I'll take with me what remains of *Health* and Chearfulness, with the Approbation of Men of Sense; and leave you nothing but that Nastiness and Stink, the Aversion of Civil People. You'll regret the Want of us when we are gone; for the Value of a good Thing is not known, till it once is lost.

CONVER-

CONVERSATION VI.

PREJUDICE *uſes all her Endeavours, to take off the* STOMACH *and the* HEART *from the Party of* SOBRIETY.

PREJUDICE. *The* HEART. *The* STOMACH.

PREJ. TELL me I pray, both of you, what's the Meaning, why you don't obey the Orders of *Reaſon?* Have you forgot what ſhe hath done for you? Anſwer me plainly.

HEART. Since I never diſſemble, I'll tell you frankly, that we have no Cauſe to brag of the Conduct of *Reaſon*, ſince ſhe hath given herſelf over to the Exceſſes of the *Mouth* and *Phyſick*.

PREJUDICE. *Phyſick* is not the Point in hand, though both of you ſtand much in Need of it: the Queſtion is, what Ground ye have to refuſe your Victuals? Is it that the *Stomach* pretends to digeſt no more, that it may give Cauſe to thoſe, who wait for its Concoctions or Digeſtions, to put all into Trouble and Confuſion?

STOMACH. Do you think the *Stomach* to be like a Market, which is only valued according to the Quantities of Goods that are carried thither and brought from thence?

HEART. Has Abſtinence made us neglect our Functions, or to fail in the Performance of our Duty?

PREJUDICE. No: but both of you set about them so faintly, that if you persist a little longer in your Carelesness, I will not give much for your Life. Is this the way to set the *Belly* and *Reins* to right, which for so long a Time have done nothing without the Help of *Physick*; what can the *Stomach* say to that?

STOMACH. I blame my self for nothing, but that I was too late in opposing your Irregularities, you have made but bad Use of your Authority, and you are the Cause of debauching the *Appetite*, and rendring that blind Buzzard independant of the *Heart* and me, which ought to have been obedient to our Orders.

PREJUDICE. Speak more civilly of the *Appetite*, for without it, what do you think would become of you?

STOMACH. For my Share, I pay very dear for the Effects of his Fickleness and Inconstancy; is he mad for some new Object? hardly hath he touched it, but that he forsakes it for another; in the mean Time I bear the Burthen of all.

PREJUDICE. You are bold in daring to controul his Actions, he is not to give an Account to you; but you are to give me an Account of yours: Answer then precisely to what I shall ask.

STOMACH. I know no Obligation that lies upon me to you, nay nor *Reason* herself; when she rambles out of the Maxims of *Nature*, and acts not according to her Orders. So that, look to it, it is *Reason* and you that are in the Fault, and not I. For satisfying that unruly *Appetite*, which you foolishly justify, you have made me devour and consume more Meat within these ten Years, than would have served a sober Man for a whole Age; and as often as I have show'd any Reluctancy against that Excess, presently I must be condemned to *Physick*.

PRE-

PREJUDICE. How many Falſities, do you bring to my Charge?

STOMACH. Nay, it is but too true, that I have taken ſo many Medicines, and in ſo many different Ways, that it's a Miracle they did not kill me. For there is not a Receipt in all the Diſpenſatory, that to woful Experience has not been tried upon me; and as if it were not enough for meriting the glorious Title of being Martyr to the Faculty; but have been a thouſand Times drenched and choaked with bitter Draughts, and as often let *Blood*; they have glutted us in Summer with hot Water, and in the Winter with Cold. They have ———

PREJUDICE. They have ordered nothing for you in thoſe two Seaſons, but upon very good Indications: Would you have ſuch knowing and diſintereſted Men as *Phyſicians* are, ſee ones *Health* in danger, and not reach it a Hand; that civil and officious Way of acting hath by my Means ſo wrought upon *Reaſon*, that it hath conquered that natural Averſion, which till then, ſhe always had for *Phyſick*.

HEART. How can it be that *Reaſon* hath had ſo great an Averſion to *Phyſick*, and yet has ſacrificed us to *Phyſicians?*

PREJUDICE. Had it not been for me, ſhe had hardly reſolved upon it, for in her own *Nature* ſhe is very irreſolute: and you know that Irreſolution is not a Diſeaſe to be cured by Age.

HEART. To be cured of that, the beſt Remedy is Experience; and indeed few are made Wiſe by the Experience of Others.

PREJUDICE. Of what Uſe can Experiments be, when two Things never happen together one and the

the ſame Way? What hurt us Yeſterday, does good to Day. One Thing is *Healthful* in Infancy, which in old Age is mortal; every Thing in this World is ſingular: So that Conſequences drawn from the Paſt, ſignify nothing to the Future.

HEART. Theſe Experiments however, are leſs faulty than Conjectures, becauſe one may far better judge of a Diſtemper by the Effect of a Remedy, than of Diſeaſes by their Cauſes, which are unknown to us.

PREJUDICE. I ſee what you drive at; all that an able *Phyſician* ſays, tho' founded on good Senſe, and conſtant Practice, is with you no more than a Remedy preſcribed at a Venture, and prepared by a Block-head; from which one can promiſe himſelf nothing but preſent Pain and certain Death. Whereas, if you may be credited, an odd Receipt, given by the firſt we meet, is in your Opinion an infallible Specifick and univerſal Remedy: But theſe ordinary Specificks and univerſal *Doctors*, are much like a Flaſh of Lightning in a dark Night, which having given us a Glance of Objects, leaves in us a greater Obſcurity than before.

HEART. Do not take me up before I am down, I can make good what I ſay without your Help; know then, that by the Word Experience or Experiment, I only mean natural and agreeable Ways of living, which are followed by whole Nations, and that too, ſucceſsfully.

PREJUDICE. That is to ſay, that according to theſe Aphoriſms, you would in the Morning drink Coffee with the *Turks*, and with the *Chineſe* Tea after Dinner, Chocolate in the Evening with the *Mexicans*, and Wine all the reſt of the Day with ſome People of *Europe*.

HEART

HEART. Why don't you add to compleat the round of the known World, that I would drink Milk with the *Tartars* and *Africans*, Mead with the *Muscovites*, and Sherbet with the *Turks*; but since it is not necessary for one Man to make Use of all the Productions of *Nature*, nor of all the Improvements of Art, it is enough that every one in particular make some little Experiments of what agrees with himself; there is nothing more easy than that: For it is not with the *Stomach*, as with a Painter's Palet, which ought to be furnished with all the chief Colours, if they design'd to represent all Sorts of Objects to the Life; seeing of one simple Kind of Food, *Nature* maketh Flesh and Bones, and paints the Lillies and Roses of the Complexion, as well as the *Or* and *Azure* of the Eyes and Hair.

PREJUDICE. These poetical Flourishes are wide off the Subject. The Question is to know, if that be the Way to reduce the *Stomach* to the Animal Life which you affect, by making it renounce all the Preparations of Art, and only receive from the Hands of *Nature* Herbs and raw Meat, and eat Rice and Corn as they come out of the Ear.

STOMACH. In the sad State to which my Constitution, (that was once very good) is now reduced, I could not without Difficulty leap from one Extremity to another; but yet allowing some easy Qualification, I could with Pleasure take the Part of *Nature*; for the most simple Food is easiest to be found, and soonest digested: To what End such Massacres of Oxen, Sheep, Fowl, and wild Beasts, that Croud of Officers, that Number of Engines and Dresses to disguise them in a Thousand Shapes? when our Gardens furnish us with Strawberries, Melons, Figs, and Grapes: However I am still perswaded, that one

one may keep his *Health*, tho' he taſte of all very well, and yet not ſurfeit on any.

HEART. I ſhould be of the ſame Opinion, provided they would not oblige us to take *Phyſick*, and would ſuffer us to renounce Ptiſan, Barley-water, &c.

PREJUDICE. You are both wrong, in this groundleſs Averſion you have for *Phyſick*: *Reaſon* wo'nt learn of you the Way how to live, and if ſhe have Occaſion to change her Courſe, ſhe'll conſult thoſe who are more knowing and leſs headſtrong.

HEART. So long as *Reaſon* acts by your Whimſeys, ſhe'll never bring us to a Reconciliation; that is too weighty an Affair to be managed by ſo light a Head as yours is.

PREJUDICE. As light as it is, if the *Inteſtines* will be perſwaded by me, it ſhall not be long before you repent of having offended me.

CONVERSATION VII.

PREJUDICE *propoſes to the* INTESTINES *to enter into a Combination againſt the Party of the* HEART.

PREJUDICE. *The* INTESTINES.

PREJ. YE are very ſtill and quiet below there, my Maſters, don't you fear this Calm will be attended with a ſudden Storm?

INTESTINES. What, are the three Orders of Medicine at a Conſultation above then?

PRE-

PREJ. You have hit it, and it is already concluded, to make you in the firſt Place ſerve for the Funnel of a Chimney; for that End they are enjoyning the *Mouth* and *Lungs* to fill you with the * Smoak of Tobacco, and if that don't work, the Fear that it will put you in, will make you purge at leaſt.

INTEST. You are about to tell us a Tale of a † Stork; Who ever heard of waſhing the *Guts* with a Glyſter of Smoak?

PREJUD. It will be well for you, if you eſcape ſo; there are other great Matters contriving.

INTEST. What can befall us worſe?

PREJUD. What, have ye not as yet perceived, that the *Heart* and *Stomach* are revolted againſt *Reaſon*, with a Deſign to render themſelves Maſters of the *Body*, that they may govern it according to their Fancy?

INTEST. You mean that *Manifeſto* that was publiſhed ſome Years ago, with the Title of ‖ *The Complaints and Reproaches of the* Stomach.

PREJUD. No, no, this is a new War, and of far greater Conſequence, than that you ſpeak of.

INTEST. It's then that other, called *Every Man his own Phyſician*, or to ſay better, *Every Man his own Murderer*, ſince that ventures upon *Phyſick*, as well as the College.

PREJUD. You think you know every Thing, and you know juſt nothing at all: Theſe two Books, I

* An *Engliſh* Glyſter.

† It's ſaid this Bird gives itſelf Glyſters, and therefore the College of *Phyſicians* at *Paris* give three of them in their Arms.

‖ Ventriculi Querela & Opprobria.

tell you, are not the Queſtion in hand, but the Revolt of the *Heart* and *Stomach* againſt *Reaſon*.

INTEST. What, do they complain that they have not Victuals enough?

PREJUD. No; on the contrary, they complain they have too much, and that's what few in this Age quarrel with: Nevertheleſs, if they go on as they have begun, the *Body*, in a little Time, will be no more than a walking Statue.

INTEST. What will they get by ſtarving the *Body?* They'll be the firſt that ſuffer. There muſt be *more* or *leſs* in this Matter; to judge well of it, we muſt give them a Hearing.

PREJUD. Were they both here to ſpeak for themſelves, they would but confirm you, that they are entered into a League with *Sobriety* and *Patience*, to turn *Appetite* out of his Place, and to diſcharge the *Mouth* to take any Thing without expreſs Orders from them; nay, they are grown ſo inſolent as to publiſh, that whoever will joyn with them in the Cauſe, ſhall have *Health Reſtor'd* him for a Reward. Conſider how extravagant they are, to promiſe what they have not: And indeed, they had as good ſay nothing, as to tell us, that they have the *Heart* upon the *Lips*, and that they ſpeak with an open *Heart*, but few will believe them upon their Word.

INTEST. A ſtrange Diſorder indeed, and may be of dangerous Conſequence.

PREJUD. There is not the leaſt Danger for you, however, though our Enemies were even become Maſters of the *Mouth*; for *Phyſicians* are not without Expedients to make the *Body* ſubſiſt without it.

INTEST. How without the *Mouth?*

PRE-

PREJUD. Yes, without the *Mouth*; for by the Help of the Smell alone they can make us live like Gods, upon the Scent and Steam of Perfumes and Sacrifices.

INTEST. That may do for those that live on Smoak; but it must be somewhat more solid, that will do our Business.

PREJUD. Besides that Expedient, the Faculty hath also the *Navel* and Pores of the *Skin*, for putting Relief into the Place on all Sides, by Way of *Humectations*, *Frictions*, *Epithems*, and *Imbrocations*; and though all these should fail, you know, she has the Command of a Passage, by which she can send in Provisions for a long Siege; and you are not ignorant, that the *Body* may be fed by as many Avenues, as it is purged.

INTEST. All that you say is but a Tale of a Tub. There is nothing that does the *Body* Good, but what the *Stomach* receives by the *Mouth*: But do not you admire, how brisk and quick these grave *Doctors* are upon the Matter? Hardly is the War declared, but they begin to talk of coming to Extremities. We therefore conclude, that if the *Heart* and *Stomach* require no more of us, but a little Fasting, and will give us now and then somewhat to keep us from being idle, we are resolved to be on their Side.

PREJUD. What, do you think that ye can hold out long, without solid Food three Times a Day, and that plentifully too?

INTEST. There is nothing more common for Beasts of Prey, such as we are, than to spend whole Days without eating.

PREJUD. A very honourable Thing indeed, for a River of a long Course to run dry.

INTEST. To run dry is not the Thing that troubles us; if they were not more disturbed above, than we are here below, we should not have the violent Tides of the Ebbs and Flowings of the Ocean of Medicine to stem twice a Day, which much interrupts the Course of our Navigation.

PREJUD. And are these the Thanks that are due for the Refreshments sent you? You set up for Informers upon Account of the Commerce ye have with the *Mesentery*, by Means of a great many little Vessels; but we'll soon see, if with Pinch-gut you can make as much Noise, as with full Allowance.

INTEST. You are too happy aloft, if ye knew it, that we carry so fair with your Irregularities; and that, by our continual Application to separate the Pure from the Impure, we lay up Store for your Plumpness, and the fresh Colours that beautify your Complexion.

PREJUD. If you do us a great Kindness that Way, we are not unthankful for it; for there are but few now-a-days, but make a God of their Belly.

INTEST. If upon that Consideration you have offered us any Sacrifice, it is you that have the Pleasure, and we the Pain; nay, you have found it to be so, for we have not suffered without much Grumbling.

PREJUD. Don't repine at your Condition; there is none amongst us more to be envied; your Dominion reaches from one End to the other of our Empire; you command the Inlets, and most frequent Outlets of the Kingdom; the whole Members of the State labour for you, so that in Justice and Gratitude, you ought to declare in Favour of *Reason*, whom I represent. The *Reins*, *Liver*, *Pancreas*, and many Others

Others are on our Side; and we have already, according to the Opinion of the Ancients, acknowledged the *Liver* for the Original of the *Blood*, and by Consequence, of Life; insomuch that it hath been resolved, that in that Quality he shall bear Rule over the *Body*, next and immediately under *Reason*.

INTEST. It's not the first Time a Log has been made a King.

PREJUD. That Log, however, will not suffer a Contempt from the Frogs; since Punishment and Reward are the great Hinges, on which the most flourishing States turn, the *Liver* has resolved to feed and water the Parts that discharge their Functions well, with pure *Blood*, and pour out upon the Lazy and the Rebels the Fury of his Choler, which is a terrible Thunderbolt *Nature* hath put into his Hands.

INTEST. What will become of the *Heart* in the mean Time?

PREJUDICE. We'll keep him to his old Task of labouring Night and Day, to rack the *Blood* as Vintners do Wine, pouring it out of one Vessel into another.

INTESTINES. Confess the Truth, there is a great deal of Gall in your Party; and you'll be sensible e're it be long that your General uses mortal Rigours.

PREJUDICE. And is the *Heart* without them? that's a Thing in a Manner, inseparable from Government. If the *Heart* hath no Gall, he hath his Melancholy and Anxities, which are full as bad. Delay no longer then, to lift yourself for the *Good old Cause*; if you make but the least Hesitation ye are undone.

INTES-

INTESTINES. We are not afraid of you; all that we can do for you is (like the *Dutch*) to ſtand *Neuter*, giving free Paſſage to both Parties; if you expect more of us, we declare that we'll ſtick by the *Heart*, who labours Day and Night to animate and cheriſh all our Low-Countries.

PREJUDICE. I know the *Heart* better than you do: He is a Braggadocio, who truſting to the advantageous Poſt wherein *Nature* has placed him, thinks he may from thence huff and threaten all the World; for do but ſcratch or prick him he is dead; ſay but an angry Word to him and he is all in a Rage; let him but ſee his own *Blood* and he Faints; and if he paſſes his uſual Hour of Eating, he falls into Fits; the leaſt Surprize puts him into a Palpitation; has he a mind to any Thing, he puts all into trouble and Confuſion, without liſtning to *Reaſon*, and even then too when he has not the leaſt Cauſe of complaining, nay quite forgetting himſelf either gluts his brutiſh *Appetite*, to the ruin of the *Body*, or he gives himſelf over as a Prey to his own Paſſions, which rend and conſume him; in fine he is a Fool, and ſo great an Enemy to Repoſe, that he'll neither reſt himſelf, nor ſuffer others to do ſo, and has ſo many odd capricious Freaks, that to teach him better Manners, we'll have him as well as the *Stomach* to ſubmit to the *Liver*.

INTEST. You think you have ſaid Wonders now, but to be free with you, you are neither Pleaſant enough to make us Merry, nor Learned enough to make us change our Opinions.

PREJ. If I have not Rhetorick enough to perſwade, I have Power to make me be obeyed: With the Rabble, Force muſt ſtand in the ſtead of Eloquence; reſolve then inſtantly to follow the Party I propoſe,

propose, or I'll use you like miserable crawling Insects, whose * vermiculary Motions, I know how to put a stop to, whenever I think fit.

INTEST. We fear you not, we are † six Brothers, invincible because inseparable.

PREJUD. Is not this Insolence in the Dregs of the People, to be wondred at? It will not be long before I see you reduced to a *Miserere*; for they are so Sullen and Hypochondriacal that they strangle themselves.

INTEST. If we strangle ourselves, you'll suffer as much as we; and as to the positive Resolution you Demand, know, that you being on one side, is enough to make us of the other.

PREJUD. Ye imagine that it will be mighty convenient for you to have your Channels contracted, and Sluices made in them, because you fancy you'll have the Liberty to open and shut them when you have a mind; but deceive not yourselves, ye can never pass these Bars, whatever Abstinence and Diet may promise you, without the Assistance of the Faculty; therefore pause no longer, but speedily join Interest with her; ye know that she hath always looked upon you as the Basis and Foundation of her Art; if ye refuse, she'll rather suffer you to burst a Thousand times, than to give you a Minutes Ease.

INTEST. What can she do to us in time of open War, when she uses Fire and Sword against us in the midst of secure Peace, therefore for both your Threatnings, there's a F—t for ye.

PREJUD. What! do ye grumble, and have ye the Insolence to mock the Thunder? I wonder no more

* The *Guts* move like Earth-Worms.
† There are six *Guts* joined to one another.

more that you are in bad Odure in the World, but it will be to little Purpose for you to hide yourselves, we know how to find you out in the Obscurity of your lurking Holes, and we shall see how you'll behave yourselves at sight of Cannon, and when the Petard is fastened to the Gate.

CONVERSATION VIII.

PREJUDICE *is supposed to be coming out of the House of a* Physician, *and at the Door she says to him:*

PREJUDICE. PATIENCE.

PREJUD. YOU may rely upon me; all shall be punctually done according as you have ordered, but fail not to come to Morrow Morning and see the Effects of what you have promised me, in the mean time accept of this Token of my Gratitude. Ha! what shut the Door as soon as ever he fingred the Money; well my Comfort is, he has put something in my Hands to revenge me of my Enemies. But here comes *Patience*; we must carry it as if she were on our Side, for fear she escape us.

PATIENCE. You go in great Haste, pray tell me, whither do you run? Who presses you?

PREJUD. Not you, nor any of your slow Family, who would have every Body go like a Tortoise.

PATIENCE. But, pray, what Paper is that you hug in your Bosom, with so much Gladness?

PREJUD.

PREJUD. It's a Paper of great Virtue, for it's going to reſtore the loſt *Appetite* and Vigour of a ſick Perſon that is in a deſperate Condition, and, in ſhort, to bring one from Death to Life again, who at preſent has neither *Hands* nor *Feet* to help himſelf. If you are not ſatisfied, read it.

PATIENCE. That's ſooner ſaid than done; Ha! What is this? The oddeſt Kind of Writing, and moſt extravagant Hieroglyphicks that I ever ſaw; there muſt be ſomething of the *Black Art*, ſure, in this; it's a Charm or Spell, and if it produce the Effect you expect from it, the Devil muſt be in it. I cannot perſuade myſelf, that it is the Hand-Writing of a Man in his Senſes.

PREJUD. And yet it is the Writing of ſo wiſe a Man, that he deſerves to be adored.

PATIENCE. Pray, what is there in him, that is adorable?

PREJUD. Can there be any Thing more divine, than by the Means of this Bill, to ſee five or ſix Specificks made up into a little Pill, which without Nauſeouſneſs, entering into the *Stomach*, begin their Work by quenching a burning Heat, which by Intervals ſend up thicker Smoak and Vapours than a Glaſs-houſe? Having ſcoured, and well corroborated the * *Ventricle*, they march out and divide themſelves, ſome this Way, ſome that Way, for putting their different Orders in Execution. One of them joins the *Chyle*, and following it through its long Windings and Meanders, accompanies it along the milky *Veins*, till it arrive at the *Heart*, which it comforts and refreſhes ſo benignly, that the Circulation thereby is rendered more quick, and better: Coming out from thence, it divides itſelf into an infinite Number of Particles,

* *The* Stomach.

and following the Fortune of the *Arteries*, it leaves behind it, to the Diſpoſition of the *Glandules*, all the Seroſities, from which it hath purified the *Blood*: This being done, it re-joins the *Brain*, where it refines the *Blood* in ſuch a Manner, that it transforms the ſame into a nervous Juice, and then the Animal Spirits, which diſſipate and drive away thoſe Miſts that cauſe *Vertigos* and *Deliriums*. In the mean Time, the other Specificks are not aſleep; one takes the Charge of emptying the *Gall*, and leaves no more Choler in it, than what is enough from *Hand* to *Mouth*, to ſerve for Ferment and Vehicle for the March of Aliments. From thence it paſſes through the Lobes of the *Liver*, where it viſits and repairs the *Percolatoreis* and *Strainers* of the *Blood*; in the Neighbourhood of this, one reſolutely makes Head againſt the *Meſentery*, there to quench another Fire compoſed of Sulphur and Pitch, the Malignity whereof makes People Hypochondriacal. Another labours in cleanſing the *Spleen*, and allaying its Humours, dextrouſly facilitating the Courſe of the *Pancreatick* Juice, which had been corrupted by an inveterate Obſtruction. Having thus all of them with Emulation forced the groſs Humours to Flight by the common Road of the *Guts*, and thereby ſubdued the *Intemperaries* of the *Intrails*, they muſter altogether in the Region of the *Reins*: But before they enter them, they ſport a little in draining the *Atrabiliarious Capſules* of a melancholy Humour. In fine, traverſing the *Reins*, where they leave not the leaſt Impurity, by the Way of the *Ureters* they deſcend into the *Bladder*, from whence they victoriouſly ſally forth in a full Stream, leading with them in Triumph, whatever oppoſed the Courſe of their Victory.

PATIENCE. What a deal of Ground have you beat, and how many Diſcoveries have you made? How skilful

are

are you in the Geography of the little World? And how nobly do you relate the Exploits of your Heroes? Nevertheleſs, none but *Patience* could have heard ſo many Abſurdities, without interrupting you. Is it poſſible, that one can invent ſuch groſs Fables, and dare to give them out for Truths?

PREJUD. I ſay nothing but what I know to be true, having ſeen it a hundred Times; you ought therefore to believe me.

PATIENCE. Since you are ſo very ſerious in your Anſwer, I muſt be ſo too. I ſuppoſe that, for attaining to the Knowledge you brag of, you have, with ſingular Application, diſſected, in Preſence of your *Doctors*, a great Number of dead *Bodies*, and living Creatures; What have you diſcovered in all that Labour? The Situation and Conformity of the moſt apparent Parts: What have you learnt by ſeeing them? The ſimple Letters of the Alphabet of a true Anatomy; By Conſequence, you are very far from being able to underſtand any Thing in the Book of the *Body* of Man, For the Proof of this, open that Book in what Part you pleaſe, and you'll find, that *Nature*, who hath compoſed it, divides and ſubdivides itſelf at firſt into ſo many little Particles and ſo imperceptible, that they immediately eſcape the nimbleſt fingers, and moſt piercing Sight: So that your adorable *Doctors* ought to be toſſed in a Blanket, if they maintain, that one can attain to a certain Knowledge of Things by Means of thoſe minute Particles.

PREJUD. We don't talk of Anatomy, but of Specificks, of whoſe Virtues and Effects I boaſt, becauſe I know them.

PATIENCE. How can you know the Nature of Specificks, when your *Doctors* know not to this Day, why *Sena* purges *Choler*, or *Chervill* purifies the *Blood?*

But suppose you knew the Virtue of *Simples* and *Drugs*, Who hath assured you, that when they are mixed and blended together, their different Virtues do not destroy one another? And though they should not destroy one another in the Pill, what is it that separates and disentangles them in the *Stomach?* Who guides them into the different Regions of the *Body*, where the Faculty hath assigned them their Province, whither you follow them Step by Step, and from whence you return with them in Triumph?

PREJUD. You would not start so many Difficulties, if you knew as well as I do, that *Nature* does with extream Joy receive all that her dear Daughter the Faculty sends her. It is that good Mother who releases the Specificks from the Constraint, to which the narrow Passage of the *Heart* had reduced them, and sets them at Liberty to produce their several Effects, as I have just now told you.

PATIENCE. I imagined, that having found you so serious before, you would not have spoken any Thing more but what was real and solid; nevertheless you relapse again in the Romance, not to say the Foppery of Medicine: Have you forgot that it is the Part of an able *Physician* to assist *Nature*, and not of *Nature* to second the Whimseys and Caprices of an Ignorant? He that would be of your Opinion, must renounce common Sense, and confess that *Nature* dotes.

PREJUD. I shall not examine whether *Nature* dote or not; but I maintain that *Physicians* are never out in the Proceedings they have with her.

PATIENCE. How could your Masters have fully instructed you in all those Particularities of *Nature*; when they themselves are not as yet certain, whether the *Blood* be made in the *Liver* or in the *Heart*, who call

call the *Spleen* a uſeleſs Part, and who cannot conjecture what can be the Uſe and Function of the *Pancreas.*

PREJUD. What Matters it, in Effect where the *Blood* be made, and what need we care for knowing the Neceſſity and Uſe of the Parts you ſpeak of? It's our Part to look when the Houſe is foul, how we are to ſet about the cleaning of it. Provided one eaſe your Shoulders of a Burden, what's that to you, how or by whom it is done; it is enough you are diſcharged of it.

PATIENCE. Pardon me there; it concerns me very much to know what Courſe you take to clean my Houſe; for the Furniture muſt be thrown out at Window with the Filth, as it daily happens to you, and far leſs with the Burthen, muſt the *Skin* be pulled off our *Shoulders,* as your pretended Specifick, diſguis'd *Phyſicks* do.

PREJUD. I don't underſtand what you mean, ſpeak more intelligibly, if you expect an Anſwer.

PATIENCE. Well, I'll explain myſelf; take it then thus: No ſooner has the *Stomach* Notice that it muſt take *Phyſick* to Morrow, but the whole *Body* is ſeized with Sadneſs and Horror, ſo that it enjoys no more Pleaſure nor Repoſe. Is the Hour come when the Cup is to be drunk, hardly hath Reluctancy given a Minute's reſpite to the *Mouth* to take the *Phyſick,* but that the *Heart* riſe in Favour of the *Stomach,* to deliver it from the ſame; and when the *Heart* ſucceeds not, all is in Stir and Commotion, and the *Hiccough* rings the Alarm Bell.

PREJUD. What Stuff is all this.

PATIENCE. In that Trouble and Agitation the good Humours that are irritated, move, and march

to

to the Place where the Enemy appears, with Design to ſtop that Poiſon at the Fountain Head, and make it turn back the ſame way it came. But when Vomiting has miſſed its Blow, and the main *Body* of the Medicine hath unhappily got into the *Guts*, the Humours change their Battery, and drive the *Phyſick* before them, and purſue it downward with ſo much Eagerneſs that moſt Part of them are loſt with it. In the mean Time the *Doctor* accuſtomed to impoſe upon *Nature*, tho' he ſees by what is done, the Miſchief he hath cauſed; proclaims his *Victory*, while the *Patient* deplores his Loſſes, though he hath vanquiſhed the Poiſon.

PREJUD. You talk of Humours and *Phyſick*, as a blind Man does of Colours.

PATIENCE. However, I know by experience, that *Phyſick* ſerves not ſo much to drive out the bad Humours as to corrupt the Good; for a Purge produces the ſame Effects in a ſound *Body* as in a Sick.

PREJUD. Say whatever you can, I maintain that it is the *Phyſick* that drives the bad Humours out of the *Body*, and not the good Humours that drive out the *Phyſick*.

PATIENCE. There is no talking of different Humours, when one hath *Phyſick* in his *Body*, for it makes them all bad: *Phyſick* then in the *Body* is like Duſt thrown upon a crawling Snail; the poor Creature to deliver itſelf from that unexpected Obſtacle, preſently retreats within its Shell, and with the Loſs of its Sweat, comes out again delivered from the Impediment that hindered it from continuing its Journey.

PREJUD. You may ſay what you pleaſe, but you cannot deny that *Phyſick* reſtores the *Patient* to his loſt *Appetite*.

PATI-

PATIENCE. If the *Patient* recover his *Appetite*, he is not to thank the *Physick* for that, but *Nature*, which perceiving after the Fight that I was just now describing, that the *Patient*'s Forces have been much weakened, orders the *Taste*, the *Smell*, and the *Appetite*, to take whatever shall be offered them, for recruiting with all Expedition, the Losses sustained, that so, what the Poison of the *Physick* hath discomposed, may be instantly put into Order again.

PREJUD. Your Fictions are fully as romantick as mine, and all that can be said is, that such Rebels as you are cannot abide *Physicians*.

PATIENCE. On the contrary, we would have every Man to be his own: But our *Physicians* are not like yours, who make both the foul and fair Weather, in your Diseases. We would have our *Physicians* in all Things, and at all Times, refer themselves to *Nature*, and make it their chief Business to lay up a Stock of Chearfulness and Delight, whereby we might season every Thing: For we neither take nor do any Thing, if there be not somewhat of Content and Satisfaction in it, so that we live, nay, and I dare say, that we dye with Delight. Delight is a Coin that passes as currant with us as it did in the Golden Age: For we esteem Things no otherways but according to the Measure of Delight they afford us. In fine, Delight is a Quintessence without which no Enjoyment of Life seems good to us, and we hold it for a Maxim that Chearfulness and Delight refresh the Mind, encrease the Vigour of *Body*, preserve Youth, and prolong Life.

PREJUD. No *Body* doubts but that Delight and Chearfulness have all the Virtues you name; the Difficulty is only where it is to be had and how prepared.

PATI-

PATIENCE. You may eaſily believe that it is not to be found at the Druggiſts, nor prepared in the Shops of Apothecaries; but inform yourſelf of all the innocent Pleaſures that are in the World; in theſe pure Sources, *Nature* would have us look for Delight, which every one of us according to our Palate ſhould accommodate to our own Neceſſities.

PREJUD. If your *Health* be not more ſolid than your *Phyſick*, you'll be in great Danger when you are Sick, for my Part I'll ſtick by the Faculty, who governs ſo well this Machine of Man, that I think it cannot be committed to the Care of better Hands.

PATIENCE. So much and no more would a skillful Watch-maker ſay of a Watch, when he had examined all the Pieces of it: But can a *Phyſician* do the ſame with your pretended Machine of the *Body?* having taken it to Pieces, can he ſet it again in Motion?

PREJUD. You would not be much out of the way, if the Machine we ſpeak of, were made up like a Watch; it is enough that our *Doctors* have the Key of our Machine, that opens and ſhuts the Door to *Health* and Diſeaſes.

PATIENCE. Nay, truly I believe your *Doctors* have a Key that opens the Door to Diſeaſes, and with a grim look, ſhuts it upon *Health*.

PREJUD. What d'ye ſay of a grim Look; is there any Thing ſo refreſhing to a ſick Perſon as the ſight of a *Phyſician*?

PATIENCE. A *Patient* that rejoyceth at the ſight of a *Phyſician*, is ſicker in Mind than in *Body*, and every *Patient* that willingly takes what his *Phyſician* pre-

prescribes to him, if he be not his own Murderer, he is at least accessory to his own Death.

PREJUD. Who can oblige a sick Person to take any thing against his Will?

PATIENCE. A Mother, a Wife, a Child, an old Servant who being seduced and frightned by a crowd of *Physicians*, change their Love and Friendship into Persecution and Tyranny, all declaring for the *Physicians* whom they love not, against a dying Person whom they adore: So that striving to save the *Patient*, they kill him; giving him no rest, till he be delivered up bound Hand and Foot to the Surgeon, and till he hath swallowed down the *quid pro quo*, of the Apothecary; for all know the *Doctor*'s Hand, but no *Body* can read it.

PREJUD. You put me now in mind of my Bill, give it me again, I pray, that I may put it into the Hands of those who can make better use of it than you.

PATIENCE. Take it, I know nothing it is good for; nor cannot conceive, how a Man, that dares not trust his Purse to his Friend, commits his Life to a *Physician* whom he knows not.

PREJUD. I will answer you another Time. I have lost but too much Time with you already; farewell Enemy of *Physicians*.

PATIENCE. You are mistaken, I am only an Enemy to their bad Practice.

PREJUD. And for my Part, such as it is, I reverence it, I am persuaded it works good Effects, let me then fly with my dear Bill, and hear you no more. Adieu.

CONVERSATION IX.

Reflection *reconciles* Reason *with the* Heart *and* Stomach; *and they resolve unanimously to renounce* Physick.

REFLECTION. *The* HEART.

REASON. *The* STOMACH.

REFLECTION. LET not the *Heart* and *Stomach* any longer blame the Conduct *Reason* has for some Time pursued, she hath been *Prejudiced*, it is true, but as it is a great Wisdom to forget a Fault, so let us speak no more of what is past; and let there be no more Rancour and Animosity amongst us.

HEART. *Reason* then, does at length confess that she is not infallible.

REFLECTION. Neither is she so guilty as you take her to be. Consider that it was impossible for her to have acted otherways than she had done, during the Impetuosity of hot-headed Youth; she was alone, and had none to stand by her, without *Experience*, encompassed with bad Examples, sollicited by *Appetites*, authorised by Custom, and flattered by the *Senses*, how should she resist so many Powers?

HEART. Had that been all, she had been in some measure excusable; but so soon as she gets out of one Gulph, must she throw herself headlong into another.

RE-

REFLECT. I am of the ſame Opinion, that to remedy the Exceſſes of the *Mouth*, ſhe had better have conſulted *Nature* than *Phyſicians*; but there are ſome Things which appear ſo charming at firſt Sight, that we embrace them with Pleaſure, thinking ourſelves ſure that the Sequel will anſwer the beginning.

HEART. That's the Caſe with thoſe that are *Prejudiced*; they imagine that the beaten Road is the ſafeſt way.

REFLECT. Who can be armed againſt that, *Reaſon* gliding along with the Stream of Medicine; hath been as a great many more, carried out into the open Sea, contrary to her Expectation and Deſire.

HEART. She who ſuggeſts to the Wiſe, not to Sail but along the Coaſt, why did not ſhe put into Shoar again?

REFLECT. What can one do, the firſt Time that he is toſſed with Winds and Tempeſts? So that it is no Wonder, if in that Confuſion ſhe abandoned the Helm.

HEART. But to whom did ſhe abandon it?

REFLECT. To thoſe whom ſhe took to be ſincere and able Perſons, becauſe with extream Confidence they offered themſelves in time of Danger, but time hath made her but too ſenſible ſince, that all they ſought for was to make Advantage of her Misfortune, and to be inſtructed at her Coſt.

HEART. Nay, ſo far were they from ſerving her, that I know their Doubts and Irreſolutions have repreſented Death to her, nearer than the Winds and Waves in the Height of their Rage have done.

REFLECT. The Truth is, theſe ignorant Pilots have put her into greater Danger by their bad working of the Veſſel, than if ſhe had only had the Storm and foul Weather to ſtruggle with.

HEART. It could not otherways be.

REFLECT. Be it as it will, all of them being now at their Wit's End, and knowing no more what to do, they left themſelves to the Mercy of the Winds and Sea, which having long toſſed their Veſſel, caſt it at length ſhattered and weather-beaten upon the Shore; ſo that they who were ſtill alive, were hardly to be known, they looked ſo like dead Men.

HEART. What ſaid *Prejudice* to that?

REFLECT. I forgot to tell you, that in the Height of the Storm, a Guſt of Wind carried her overboard, and ſhe periſhed in the Sea, to the great Content of all; inſomuch that ſhe hath not been lamented by any.

HEART. That's the Fate of bad Favourites, who are not ſo much as pitied by thoſe whom they have obliged; *Reaſon* ought to be very welll ſatisfied, that ſhe is at the ſame time deliver'd of an unworthy Favourite, and cured of the Diſeaſe of *Phyſicians*.

REFLECT. The Pleaſure of a paſt Danger is only ſweet to thoſe, who are no more in fear of falling into another. All *Reaſon*'s Care at preſent is, how to find Means of giving Vigour to a decayed *Body*, and of recovering *Health* at any Rate.

HEART. Probably, ſhe is in Diſcourſe with the *Stomach*, ſince neither of them have come to our Conference.

RE-

REFLECT. It may be ſo; however tell me I pray you, what you think of this Change.

HEART. Since we are (in my Opinion,) more obliged to you than to *Reaſon*, for the Reſolution ſhe hath taken, it's you whom we ought chiefly to thank for it; but ſince they who moſt deſerve Praiſes, deſire leaſt to hear them, I ſhall only tell you, that our Counſels tend to nothing elſe, but to beſeech *Reaſon* that ſhe would preſerve the *Body* from Sickneſs, and the *Mind* from Trouble and Anxiety.

REFLECT. Yes, but what muſt be done to compaſs that? You have cut out a great deal of Work in a few Words.

HEART. Let her try all ways to reconcile us perfectly to *Nature*; engage her to reſtore us to *Health*, and ſuffer us to enjoy it ſo long as we live, for we do not live, if we be not well: For that End, let us by the Mediation of *Patience* and *Sobriety*, begin to ſacrifice to her that Exceſs of high Living, wherewith the Parts of the *Body* are overcharged, accompanying theſe Sacrifices with ſome § Libations; leſt the Fire ſhould with what is ſuperfluous, conſume alſo what is neceſſary.

REFLECT. What muſt *Reaſon*, in the mean Time do for ſeconding of *Nature*?

HEART. Let her give Orders that we be treated like Children, I mean, that we be fed with Bread, Milk, Fruit, and all that *Nature* produces of her own dreſſing, or that Art prepares without much Labour and Pain, impoſing a Law upon us to uſe them moderately, but with Intention ſtill, to allow us afterwards ſtronger and more nouriſhing Food, if need require.

RE-

§ *Liquors poured out to the Honour of the Gods in Sacrifice.*

REFLECT. I doubt not but that is a good way of living, especially when we have recovered our *Health*, for I am convinced, that a regular Diet, with a constant and uniform way of Living, is the best Means to settle our *Health*, and avoid Diseases.

HEART. How? Suppose in Sickness, *Nature* seem'd to press you with an earnest Inclination, to commit some little Excess, would not ye hearken to her and satisfy her?

REFLECT. Although these Longings must be sometimes hearkened too and gratified, yet we should not give way to them so much, as not to be always upon our Guard, and use a great deal of Circumspection; for *Nature* being solicitous for our Relief, puts us incessantly upon the Execution of what she suggests to us, trusting to our own Discretion, as to the Moderation that is to be observed, and the use we ought to make of her Motions.

REASON. Nothing can be better said; I agree wholly in Opinion with *Reflection* and the *Heart*, and am resolved so to confide in their Conduct, that I will apply myself entirely to the Functions of the *Mind*; and therefore I'll not make use of *Sight* and *Hearing*, and leave it to the *Heart* to do as he thinks fit with the *Taste* and *Smell*, for the Service of the *Body*.

REFLECT. If you behave yourself so, it will be said that you pass from one Weakness to another; you have not forgot sure, that *Reason* hath not been given to the *Body* only to do what pleases itself, but to serve for a Counterpoise to that; though at present it seems to you to be in an even Ballance, yet how can it resist the continual Temptations to which it is exposed, if you watch not constantly over its Conduct.

HEART.

HEART. To this you may add, that if *Reaſon* take no other Care but to ſtudy and exerciſe the *Mind* the *Body* will ſoon languiſh and decay.

REFLECT. This obliges me to tell you, that ye ought to act all together in Conſort; careſully to ſtudy *Nature*, and confine your Pleaſure to a Submiſſion to her Laws. Let not *Reaſon* then, be any more ſeduced as to that particular, by thoſe who will come and tattle News to her, as if they were better informed than ſhe: They are fawning Flatterers, who endeavour to tickle the *Ear*, that they may become Maſters of the *Heart*, let her above all Things call to mind that *Health* is free and independant, and that ye ought to uſe your utmoſt Endeavours, to maintain in thoſe Privileges, when once ye enjoy it.

REASON. How blind was I, when I imagined that *Reflection* took Pleaſure to mingle Sour with our Sweet, that we could not be happy when we liſtned to her, and that to follow her Councils was to be her Martyr? How do I regret my Folly, to have ſo long conſented to what an ill grounded *Prejudice* ſuggeſted to me in favour of Surfeiting and *Phyſick*. For repairing of all theſe Abuſes, and for extinguiſhing that Miſunderſtanding that hath but too long reigned among us, let us, I beſeech you, be more cloſely linked together, for our own Satisfaction, than we are by the Bonds of *Nature*, for our Intereſts. Seeing we have but one *Heart* and one *Mouth*, let us have alſo but one Will and one Deſire, that we may never be heard nor ſeen any more, but altogether in a *Body*. The better to perſwade you to this, I am reſolved that as often as *Sleep* ſhall ſeize the *Eyes*, and Dreams the *Head*, I will retire into the *Heart*, whilſt all the *Body* but he takes their Reſt, to the End I may remedy

medy the Alterations and Diſcompoſures of the *Body*, which happen during the Day.

REFLECT. That's a Thought and Reſolution worthy yourſelf, by that Means you'll cut off all theſe Diſputes, which from time to time ariſe about the Preeminence of the *Heart* or *Brain*; and under the Cover of *Sleep* you will in that new Place, make good Uſe of the Leiſure it beſtows upon you.

REASON. I tell ye once more, I'll allot the Night to all that concerns the inſide of the *Body*, and employ the Day about the Matters without. I hope the *Heart* will not diſapprove this Regulation?

HEART. I approve and conſent to all, but I am at preſent much out of Order.

REFLECT. What makes the *Heart* to ſigh ſo, whence proceeds thoſe long Gapings and Yawnings?

HEART. The Reaſon is, becauſe ſome angry Spirits ſtir within me, and the Advices that are brought me from the Regions of the *Liver* and *Spleen*, aſſure me that others of the ſame Temper kindle Combuſtions in all Parts; and ſeeing they have made the *Diaphragm* alſo to riſe, I can expect nothing but Death.

REASON. Alas! we are undone, the *Heart* is without Motion.

REFLECT. I know the Cauſe of that Diſorder, it's no more but the Remains of an old Quarrel againſt *Sobriety*: Let us not be allarmed at all, all will do well. Though theſe Mutineers ſhould purſue their rage even to a fainting of the *Heart*, we muſt not be ſtartled at it; in all great Changes, we are ever to expect ſome ſmall Mortification, before Things be ſet to rights.

STO-

STOMACH. If I may have my Will, none can calm that Storm ſooner than myſelf; I have juſt now received a ſupply ſufficient to quell the Mutineers, who have a Deſign to mount to the *Head*, under the Conduct of *Reſtleſsneſs*, to hinder *Sleep* from entering the Place.

REASON. I know the Commander of that Party, he is a *Debauchee*, whom *Prejudice* and *Intemperance* have introduced amongſt us, and who is the Cauſe of moſt of our Trouble. At firſt he is agreeable to Youth, who love Mirth and Pleaſure; but it is dangerous to ſuffer him to uſurp too much Authority, becauſe his Ambition thirſts after every Thing, and if the *Stomach* can fairly rid us of him and introduce *Sleep*, it will be of no inconſiderable Service.

REFLECT. Be it known then to all the Inhabitants of the little World, that they inſtantly ſubmit to the Laws of *Sleep*, to the End, that next Morning they may be all in a Condition to return to the Diverſion of their ordinary Employments, and ſo to continue untill the *Muſes* come in the Evening, and mingle their Conſort with the Pleaſures and Liberty of a civil and ſober Entertainment.

CONVERSATION X.

SLEEP *renders* HEALTH *to the* BODY.

SLEEP. HEALTH.

SLEEP. WHat Desire soever I have to acquaint you of what passes, yet you should still be in the Company of *Dreams*, if the urgent and reiterated Orders of *Reason* and the *Heart*, had not forced me to call you from these Diversions, and to propose to you, in their Name, something that's more solid.

HEALTH. Why do you listen to that ambitious Couple? If you do but in the least comply with their Judgment, they'll disturb the Quiet of our Retreat, and banish you, as they have done formerly, out of the Extent of your own Dominions. You know, when that happens, that I can have no Pleasure in staying here without you.

SLEEP. But if there be an indispensable Necessity of listning to the Sentiments of *Reason*, and following the Motions of the *Heart*; how can one refuse to answer them?

HEALTH. Well then, if they must be answered, let us plainly tell them, that since we pretend not to the Honours and Glory, which they so fondly possess, we pray them not to disturb the innocent Pleasures which we enjoy: For it is no less the Happiness of Life

Life to ſlight what one has not, than to know the right Uſe of what one enjoys. Alas, could one be more happy than I was without them, when you began to ſpeak to me in their Name?

SLEEP. Without Doubt you were wholly taken up in Dreams; what pleaſant Piece, pray, did they repreſent to ye?

HEALTH. It's very true, I thought myſelf to be an *Amazon* Queen, who returned victorious from her Enemies; but juſt as I was about to enter in Triumph, amidſt Shouts and Acclamations, unto a Palace of Rubies hanging in the Air, and gently moved by the Wind, I was ſeized with Fear; and, though I was encompaſſed with Mirth, Muſick and Dancing, yet nothing but *Sleep* could re-aſſure me. That you may know what Kind of Pleaſure it was, I thought that I cloathed you in my Garments, and that at the ſame Time we were cloſely linked together by Chains and Flowers. Now though I was exceedingly delighted at this, yet for all that it broke my Dream: What d'ye imagine to be the Signification of it?

SLEEP. That's eaſily interpreted. The *Amazon* is *Health*, the Enemies of whom ſhe triumphed, are *Phyſicians* and *Intemperance*. The Palace of Rubies moved by the Whole, is the *Heart*, where *Reaſon* would have me carry you, and the Chains that bound us ſo faſt together, are our Embraces at parting.

HEALTH. Nay, now I perceive you are fonder of *Reaſon*, than ſhe was of her Favourite; but I foreſee that it will be none of your Fault, if both of us renounce not our Independance, and wholly ſubmit to our Pleaſure.

SLEEP. Not so neither, I'm only solicitous to inform you, what Share you are to have in that Reconciliation, and to put you in Possession of it.

HEALTH. I believe I know as much of that as you do: Be ruled by me, let us let *Reason* and the *Heart* alone to torment themselves as much as they please, in finding out Measures to repair the Disorders of their Dissentions, and let us take our Rest.

SLEEP. That would do well enough, if without you they could put in Execution, what they are resolving betwixt themselves. They are so convinced of the Necessity of having you, that they cease not to send me one Courier at the Heels of another, praying me to restore *Health* to the *Body*. Will ye refuse me the Satisfaction of conducting you to the *Heart*, and of seeing you triumph there, as you do in all other Places where you take Delight?

HEALTH. Why should I any more appear in those Places, where I have received so bad Usage? Have you forgot, that if it had not been for your Protection, I had been long ago out of the World? Why then will you undo, what you have so kindly preserved?

SLEEP. No, I wo'nt undo you, nor so much as expose you to the least Danger: We are not now about to conduct you to the *Heart*, as heretofore, accompanied with the Sparks of Youth, which might, in Effect, cause your Destruction, or at least disturb your Tranquillity: You are expected there, without Ostentation and Magnificence, we are only to acquaint you, that *Reason* is no longer *Prejudiced* against you; and to give you all Manner of Assurance, that she'll determine nothing concerning you for the Future, till first she have consulted *Reflection* and the *Heart* about it.

HEALTH,

HEALTH. But if she consult not you also, I shall be in no less Danger: No, I wo'nt part from you; I cannot be secure without you. Why have you so many Charms? Why does one *taste* so many Pleasures in your Company? Having accustomed me to a still and solitary Life, would you now again embark me in Trouble and Confusion?

SLEEP. You have no Cause any more to apprehend these Agitations; they have separated Pain from them, and left you only the Pleasure; Nay, and if that Pleasure work in you but the least Disgust, give me but a Wink, and I shall presently come flying to your Assistance; and though nothing should happen that may put you out of Humour, my tender Care of you shall not suffer me to delay till Night the paying of you a Visit; I'll come and steal some Moments for you, even in the Middle of the Day, if the Feasting and Plays, that now are preparing for your Entertainment, hinder me not from approaching you.

HEALTH. The Preparations you speak of, instead of obstructing your Design, will facilitate the Means of your putting it in Execution. I shall even prevent them, if I can, for I have no Pleasure but in your Company, and especially at that Time of Day; *Physicians* may say what they will.

SLEEP. You are then resolved to grant *Reason* what she desires of you?

HEALTH. When *Reason* formed the Design of alluring me to the *Heart*, it ought to have been represented to her how changeable and fickle he is, how that after the first Congress he'll take no more Notice of me. The Truth is, he passionately desires what he wants, and sets no Value upon what he enjoys; in

in a Word, he is in all Things so much upon Extreams, that what he'll do to chear me, will only serve to alter, and perhaps undo me.

SLEEP. That Diffidence will *vanish*, when I have told you what hath been done, for your Security and Glory.

HEALTH. I desire to know no more; well, since you will deliver me up to the *Heart*, I condescend; only tell me how I can be able to bear the Grief of our parting.

SLEEP. Could I, as well as you, appear abroad in the Day Time, we should be inseparable; but being destin'd to be sometimes asunder, don't fear that a few Hours Absence can have any bad Influence upon so strict a Friendship as ours. Consider, that it would be a Shame for us to mind only our own Repose and Pleasure, that's a Thought not to be pardoned but in a foolish Love. What Trouble soever then our Separation may cause, let us support it constantly, and let us do so much Good to All, that All may love us as much as we do one another.

HEALTH. Well, to compleat what you have begun, let's go to the *Heart*.

SLEEP. You do me a singular Kindness, but let me tell you, that in the Reconciliation, which *Reason* hath just now made with all the Parts of the *Body*, it hath, among other Things, been agreed upon, that so soon as *Sleep* shall seize the *Eye-lids*, *Reason* shall leave the *Head*, and descend into the *Heart*, there to labour, in Concert with him, about what concerns the domestick and internal Affairs of the Kingdom.

HEALTH. Why hath she chosen that Time and Place?

SLEEP.

SLEEP. Becauſe the Night gives Counſel, and all that is done in the *Heart*, is kept more ſecret than what is acted elſewhere.

HEALTH. That ought to bring down the Pride of the *Brain*, who boaſted, that he alone had the Honour of being the Seat of *Reaſon*.

SLEEP. Ay, and it ought to vex him ſomewhat more, that they talk of treating of nothing in his Apartment, but of Foreign Affairs: But, what ſolely concerns you, ſo ſoon as *Vigilance* hath guided *Reaſon* from the *Heart* to the *Head*, *Gladneſs* is to put you in Poſſeſſion of the *Heart*, where joining your Talents together, you'll have Liberty to make yourſelf deſired and cheriſhed of all.

HEALTH. Notwithſtanding that I have wholly reſigned myſelf to your Will, give me leave to tell you once for all, that I cannot conceive how you can love me, and yet beſtow me upon another?

SLEEP. I have ſaid nothing of giving you to another; that Word would wound our Friendſhip: I have only engaged myſelf to leave you in the *Heart*, ſo long as *Reaſon* ſhall be in the *Head*: For when *Reaſon* deſcends from the *Head* into the *Heart*, my Deſign is to bring you thence; and not to leave you, ſo long as ſhe is there. Conſider what Pleaſure we are like to have, in diſcourſing at Leiſure of our Impatiencies and Diſquiets: What Felicity in viſiting the Bounds of our Empire, in ſcattering our Favours in all Places, giving to thoſe you have a Kindneſs for, full Brimmers of *Sleep*, which drives Wearineſs out of the Traveller's Foot, and out of the Tradeſman's Hand; which ſtrips the *Heart* of his Paſſions, and the *Mind* of its moſt cutting Cares. When I endeavour to aſſwage the ſharpneſs of Pains, you ſhall pour a healing

healing Balsam upon the most desperate Wounds: And whilst I release Slaves from their Chains, you shall give them Vigour to carry them when they awake. In fine, if there be any Thing wanting to those whose Troubles and Miseries we would sweeten, we shall order Dreams to afford by Night, what their averse Fortune denies them by Day.

HEALTH. So that leaving every where Tokens of our Love, we cannot be upbraided, that any are sick and unfortunate in our Empire: Since they shall not suffer, so long as they are under our Jurisdiction. But that I may fully understand all these Regulations, inform me what *Reason* is doing with the *Heart*.

SLEEP. They are making no new Laws, but are reviving those which are in a Manner extinct; they have already enacted that if the *Health* be in the least out of Order, the *Stomach* shall demand nothing; that all Parts of the *Body* shall listen carefully to hear what the Voice of *Nature* prescribes; and whilst they wait for her Suggestions, the Parts that are over-charged, may ease themselves.

HEALTH. Now that it is Day, and the Sun is going to appear, what does *Reason* do to prepare for her Departure.

SLEEP. She sollicites the Spirits that are dispersed over the *Body*, to betake themselves to their Duty, and with Pleasure considers how busie they are to fill the *Organs* of the *Senses*, and all the *Faculties* of the *Body*, to perform their Functions: Just as a General delights to see, how at the first Sign given, his Well-Disciplined Soldiers run from all Parts to their Arms, and draw up under their Colours, ready to fall on at the least Signal.

HEALTH.

HEALTH. When all these Spirits are drawn up in Rank and File, as they ought to be, what does *Reason* do then?

SLEEP. She leaves the *Heart*, attended with the Virtues and an infinite Number of Spirits, Judgment ushering the Way; just so, as in the Spring, we see a swarm of young Bees fly confusedly about their new Queen.

HEALTH. You give me the Description of a charming Court.

SLEEP. That's not all, *Reason* entering the *Head*, finds presently all the *Idea*'s, which are the Inhabitants of that Empire, ranked and drawn up, as *Reflection* thinks fit to command; and as exactly, as such an innumerable Multitude, with so vast a Train, can allow of in so small a Spot of Ground as the *Memory* is.

HEALTH. You fill me with Curiosity.

SLEEP. All these *Idea*'s march in little *Bodies*, like the Cluster of a Swarm of Bees. Each little *Body* consists of *Idea*'s of the same kind, or near to it, and altogether muster in the Air in Form of a Rainbow, which yields the loveliest Prospect in the World. As all these *Idea*'s are overjoyed to see their Queen, so they strive to get to the outside of their Companies, and the Motions they make for coming thither, makes a pleasant Variety.

HEALTH. Has it only been since *Reason* retired from the *Heart*, that she is received into the *Head*, in the manner you tell me? For I was banished from thence so young, that all is News to me.

SLEEP. It hath been so in all times.

HEALTH. Whither went *Reaſon*, whilſt the Dreams under your Government, poſſeſſed the *Head* and diſpoſed of the *Body*?

SLEEP. Opinions are divided as to that: Some thought ſhe ſlept; and others that ſhe left the *Body* to go viſit the Place of her Original; for my Part, I am in a Manner aſſured, that ſhe ſhut herſelf up in the Underſtanding, that ſhe might have no Hand in the Diſorders which the Animal Part, in Conjunction of Dreams, ſometimes committed, during the time of my Reign.

HEALTH. Let's return I pray, to our *Idea*'s; what do theſe little *Mirmidons* do, when they perceive their Sovereign?

SLEEP. They make it their Buſineſs to obſerve her, and according as ſhe is melancholy or merry, they Cloath themſelves with Joy or Sadneſs, and that happens as often as *Reaſon* changes her Countenance: So that more diligent Courtiers are no where to be ſeen.

HEALTH. What does *Reaſon* do upon her Arrival?

SLEEP. Sometimes ſhe makes a Review of her Troops, commonly ſhe does but conſider the new Comers; but one Thing, which I cannot very well expreſs to you, and which requires your beſt Attention; ſcarcely is *Reaſon* ſeated on her Throne, enviroined with the Virtues, but they become all ſo reſplendent, that it is difficult to behold their Luſtre.

HEALTH. I very well conceive that the Rays and Light of the Mind, ſupply the Place of the Sun in this little World, which being reflected upon that numerous

numerous Court, renders it so majestick: But how does *Reason* act in ordinary Affairs?

SLEEP. Whether *Reason* thinks within herself, or that she makes apparent abroad what is doing within at home, she makes use of two Ministers: The *Will* is one, which governs the Original of the *Nerves*, like one that plays upon the Virginals: And the other is *Memory*, which with unconceiveable Swiftness moves the *Idea*'s that are in little *Bodies*. This being supposed, when *Reason* acts, she is to be considered as reciting a Lesson of Musick, whereof the *Will* and *Memory* make the Parts: By that Means, whatever *Reason* intimates, the Part of the *Body* which hath the greatest Relation to that *Thought* is presently acquainted with it by the *Will*, which touches its *Nerves*. And if there be any Thing past that quadrats to that Thought, the *Memory* presents the *Idea*'s of it, which the *Virtues* turn into all Views, to set them off in their lively Colours. So that every one has a Share in the Spectacle, and there is nothing better connected.

HEALTH. But how can *Memory* bring forth an *Idea* that is confounded with a Million of others?

SLEEP. In the same manner as in an Army drawn up in Battalia, no Soldier answers, but he that is called, or his next Neighbour for him.

HEALTH. You describe to me a very singular Harmony.

SLEEP. But a very just one: For Judgment which beats Time, marks the Determination of *Reason*, that are like the *Periods* of the *Cadence* in ordinary Musick, to which the Organ of the Voice beneath from Time to Time makes answer, accompanied with the Gesture of the Hands, and Motion of the Eyes; all which

together ſupply the Place of the *Chorus*, in that Kind of natural *Opera*.

HEALTH. That ſure requires a great deal of Time.

SLEEP. Not at all, [the Buſineſs is done in an Inſtant, and all theſe Motions are quicker than Lightning.

HEALTH. Are theſe Things always performed with that Exactneſs and Promptitude, you ſay?

SLEEP. In ſuch a great Conſort as this is, it can hardly be, but that there is ſomething many times out of Tune: Nay and ſometimes all is falſe, even from *Reaſon* it ſelf to the Organ of the Voice; but when the Evil is of no long Continuance, it paſſes but for ſome little Claſhing, which great Courts are not alarmed at, becauſe they are ſubject to them.

HEALTH. But what, when theſe Jarrings continue.

SLEEP. Then all is out of Order, and the State in Danger.

HEALTH. What is the Cauſe of theſe Errors, and what Courſe is taken to avoid them, and to ſtop the Progreſs.

SLEEP. Such great Diſorders never happen, but when *Reaſon* is drawn away by the Violence of ſome predominant Paſſion, which uſurping a Share in her Sovereign Authority, diſcompoſes the State, and puts it often in Danger, which you have ſeen, ſo long as *Prejudice* was in Favour.

HEALTH. Why do not the *Virtues* ſtifle that Diſorder in the Birth? for it is for that End alone that they are given to *Reaſon*.

SLEEP. Is there any one that performs what is enjoind him punctually? Though *Wiſdom* hold the Virtues

Virtues linked together, to oblige them neither to rise nor fall; It is hard however to be prevented, but that when some certain Objects present, they will run Riot: And that's the *Reason* that *Liberality* sometimes breaks out into Profusion, and *Frugality* so often borders upon *Covetousness*.

HEALTH. Who puts a Stop then to these impetuous Motions.

SLEEP. The great *Virtues*, which have the Power of correcting one another; *Prudence* moderates *Courage*: and *Reason* herself takes Counsel from *Reflection*. Besides *Modesty* hath the Inspection over all the *Virtues*, with Power to lay an Arrest upon those that transgress, delivering them up to Confusion, which is a mercileſs Jaylor, that exposes them to Shame under a purple Veil, which amongst the *Virtues* is a most severe Punishment.

HEALTH. What Course ought *Reason* to follow, that she may not fall into such Perplexities.

SLEEP. To remain indifferent, and rely only upon Simplicity and Sincerity; to take Truth for her Guide, and never to look back; that she may avoid the ghastly Looks of Sorrow and Repentance; to speak always with the *Heart* upon the *Lips*, *Integrity* attending both, as a Surety that answers for all, and justifies the Demeanour.

HEALTH. I admire what you say, but cannot conceive who can have taught you so much?

SLEEP. I am obliged to *Reflection* for this, whom I often assist in ordering the Acts of the Assemblies, whereof she keeps the Records. And therefore I lodge with her, untill *Reason* appear, and take Possession of the Head, with all the Train that I have just now described.

HEALTH.

HEALTH. If I take it right, I think I see a Crowd of Actors, filling the Scene of a stately Theatre, and impatiently expecting the drawing up of the Curtain.

SLEEP. It's exactly so, for so soon as the Eye lifts up the Eye Lid, they begin to act and vanish.

HEALTH. Though I believe all this to be literally true, yet I dare not brag of it; for what comes from you, passes commonly for raving amongst People that are awake.

SLEEP. Let them think what they please, what does that concern you? *Truth* needs no Approvers; but in my Turn, give me leave to tell you, that I cannot conceive neither, what can have moved you to have put so many Questions to me? for I never took you to be very curious?

HEALTH. Wonder not at that; for so long as you did not talk of parting from me, you were to me instead of all Things; but now that you turn me over to others, I would not have it said, that you had taught me nothing. The Truth is, I am very ignorant; I love not that Learning which requires Study, and when I am not put to it, to defend myself against *Intemperance* and *Physicians*, I mind nothing else but Chearfulness and Pleasure. It shall not be so for the future; I have a thousand more Questions to ask, concerning *Reason* and her Court, which I must be informed of.

SLEEP. You may to Day satisfy your Desire; I know you'll be call'd up, and *Reason* will enlarge in your Praises: Nay she hath resolved for your better Entertainment, to confute the *Physicians* before your Face, that you may be revenged on them for all the Mischief they have done you.

HEALTH. If their Defeat be worth the While, we shall triumph over them at Night; but don't you perceive

perceive that we are entring into a very hot and sultry Air?

SLEEP. That's because we are hard by the *Heart*, nay I hear *Reason* speaking to him; but seeing I am prohibited to enter there, let us stop here a little, and listen to their Discourse.

The Sequel of a CONVERSATION *betwixt* REASON *and the* HEART.

REASON. THE Truth is, we cannot be too sensible of the good Office that *Sleep* has done us, in having protected *Health* at a Time when I cruelly persecuted her by Feasting and good Chear; and in that he is about to restore her to us, at present, when we want nothing but her Company to compleat our Felicity, what can we do for *Sleep*, in Acknowledgment for such a Piece of good Service?

HEART. As Sleep hath given a Place of Retreat to *Health*, during the Irregularities of the *Body*, so let us propose it to *Health*, that she may do the like Kindness to *Sleep*, when the Body flies it: As they love one another dearly, so I make no Doubt but they will gladly embrace the Offer.

REASON. If it be so, let's join them together, that so they may be inseparable.

HEART. That would be an admirable good Proposal, if the Question were how to punish, and not how to reward them. Believe me, that is an insupportable Yoke: The beautifullest Palace in the World, if we be confined to it, is a more dreadful Prison than

than a Dungeon, if the Door be open. Love admits of no other Conſtraint but what it impoſes on itſelf.

REASON. Well then! I give Conſent that Love may unite them by its ſtrongeſt Bonds, upon the Conditions that *Sleep* and *Health* are willing themſelves to preſcribe. But if I may have my Will, *Sleep* and *Health* ſhall be no more two, but one and the ſame Thing, which the *Body* is to reverence under two different Names.

HEART. That is to ſay, that in the Day Time they ſhall appear under the Name of *Health*, and in that Quality be reſpected, ſo long as the Eyes are open: But from the Moment that the Eye-lids are ſhut, that they ſhall be conſidered under no other Notion but that of *Sleep*.

REASON. Manage that as you pleaſe, I am preſſed to be gone: I leave this Door open to our Lovers, and will go out by the other; my Preſence ſuits not always with thoſe that are deſperately in Love, and therefore I'll lay no Conſtraint upon them. Receive them as you uſe to receive thoſe whom you reſpect moſt.

HEALTH. This is the true Interpretation of my Dream, that I ſhould cover you with my Veil, that you may lack nothing on my Part.

SLEEP. Your Dream imports alſo that your Arms and Hands ſhould be the Bonds and Chains that render us inſeparable.

HEALTH. Add for the compleating of our Happineſs, that the *Heart* receiveth us, hugs and unites us cloſer together, than all the Bonds and Ties of Love can do.

CON-

CONVERSATION XI.

All the Parts of the Body are here ſuppoſed to be joined together, under the Name of a PATIENT ; *that is in Conference with a* PHYSICIAN, *who does not think him cured.*

The PHYSICIAN. The PATIENT.

PHYSICIAN. WHAT's this I ſee in that Cloſeſtool ? ha ! what a deal of Filth and Corruption ? I knew full well you ſhould not eſcape me : I have caught you, at length, and now you are where I would have you.

PATIENT. And where I would too.

PHYSICIAN. In Truth you have Reaſon, d'ye ſee that ferrugineous Orange-coloured Stuff, which I touch with the Point of my Cane, it's the very Subſtance of the *Veſicule* of the *Gall* ; and theſe Streaks and Lays of concocted black Matter at the Side of it, give us good Aſſurance of the Diſopilation of the *Spleen* ; ye muſt needs find yourſelf much at Eaſe ?

PATIENT. And ſo I am indeed.

PHYSIC. And much refreſhed ?

PATIENT. Sure enough.

PHYSICIAN. Having turned over and over again that vaſt Maſs of ſlimy, concocted, ſanguilent and glutinous Matter, I find, that it's no Wonder your *Reins* and *Bowels* were ſo overcharg'd; but now, thanks to good *Phyſick*, we are in the right way to a ſpeedy Cure; and three or four ſmall ſubſequent Potions diverſified according to the Indications of Time and the Diſeaſe, will ſhow us the Bottom of the Bag, and make us Maſters of the Tenacity of that Meſentery: What d'ye ſay to it? would you have all that Filth, and thoſe Poiſons in your Body again?

PATIENT. No I'll ſwear, and that's the very Reaſon why I never took it.

PHYSICIAN. Did you not take the *Phyſick* which I order'd laſt Night, to be taken this Morning?

PATIENT. No.

PHYSICIAN. How, no? what I ſee then is the Effect of the Glyſter you took in the Evening, and of the Julep, when you went to Bed; for this laſt finding *Nature* moved by the former, might very well have expelled theſe laudable Matters; in that Caſe you did well to delay your Purge, though I find ſtill great Plenitude in this lower Region.

PATIENT. Be ſatisfied, I have taken nothing at all, and all theſe Medicines, Glyſters, and Juleps, you ſpeak of, as ſoon as they came from the Apothecary, were thrown into the Cloſeſtool; it were to no purpoſe for me to tell what Effects they have wrought, ſince you yourſelf have told that ſo particularly.

PHYS. What do I hear? who can have ſo poiſoned your Mind, as to make you think of daring to diſobey my Directions?

PATIENT. Nay, ask me rather, who hath given me an Antidote againſt your Poiſons; for I would have

have you know, that for the future I intend not to charge desperately through *Blood* and *Physick*, without I well know the Cause and Quarrel.

PHYS. Ha! I begin to smell a Rat; there must be some Chymist, Empirick, or Mountebank in the Case. Well, well, we'll see what will become on't in time; and when you have payed sufficiently for your Experience, you'll be glad at your Heart to have Recourse to us, when these ignorant Quacks have brought you to the Brink of the Grave.

PATIENT. They say as much of you, and not without Reason too; for there is nothing more certain, than that since the College has been convinced that these pretended Empiricks have absolved those whom ye condemned to Death; you have gone to Law with them about it, and resolved amongst yourselves no more to abandon your *Patients*, until you have cut and slashed, and as they say, given them an hundred Blows after they are dead; and what is cruellest of all, you put that charitable Resolution in Execution.

PHYS. How come you to be in this merry Humour I pray? doubtless you have held your Nose over the Books of some false Brethren, who have been so base as to publish in *English* some Secrets of our Art. But Patience, you have not got your Ends yet: If I have any Interest, the College shall invent a new Language, which no body shall be able to understand, and then we'll find ways to revenge ourselves, and our Enemies never be the wiser for it.

PATIENT That will not do, unless ye add to that new Way of conjuring a Declaration, enjoining all Men to make use of a Medicine that you alone can prepare and distribute. That ye may be surer also

of your Revenge, and at the ſame time glut your Avarice, bring your Pharmacy in Play: Inſomuch that no Medicines may be bought but from Apothecaries, who are to have a Board hanging at their Shop-doors, with this Inſcription in great Gold Letters.

THE

OFFICE

OF THE

COLLEGE

OF

PHYSICIANS,

FOR

The Diſpenſation and Sale of all Sorts of Purgatives, Vomitives, Sudorificks, Diureticks, Anodynes, &c.

PHYS. I deſire no more to put a ſtop to this Tattle of yours, but a ſlight Cold, or a ſmall Fit of an Ague. Till that happen, reform your Plea; if any other beſide myſelf heard you, they'd laugh at you.

PATIENT.

PATIENT. I doubt that; but if it did happen ſo, I ſhould pity thoſe that might be in the ſame Error I have been in. *Phyſicians* have made a Fool of me ſo long, that I think, in my Turn, I may alſo laugh a little at them. The Diſcoveries and Demonſtrations of the Cloſe-ſtool have pleaſed me exceedingly; and indeed, when I ſee a Dozen of you at a Conſultation, I fancy I ſee ſo many blind Men throwing at a Cock.

PHYS. Mighty well, and ſhould I leave you now to your own Senſe, what would become of you, poor Wretch, who know neither the Quality of Aliments, nor the Quantity that is convenient for you nor the Time when you ought to take them? who cannot foreſee the Diſeaſes that threaten you: And being ignorant of the Way of Prevention, that might divert them, you would at every Turn be expoſed to all kinds of Diſtempers, were it not for our provident Care of you.

PATIENT. How dare you boaſt of prognoſticating the future, when you cannot tell what it is you ſee, touch, and ſmell? You had need ſpeak of Prevention, who render it ſo often dangerous and mortal.

PHYS. Hold there, I ſay—

PATIENT. No, the leaſt Creature that is, knows more than you do, what belongs to Precaution and Feeding; for without any other Advice than that of the Smell and Taſte, it avoids what is contrary to it, and ſticks to that which is good. Nay, ſuppoſe it may perchance eat more at one time than another, forbearing afterward its Food for ſome little time, ſets it to rights again.

PHYS. But what becomes of that Animal, if it fall ſick? it dies like a Beaſt without Relief.

PATIENT.

PATIENT. On the contrary, if it be any ways indiſpoſed, it lies ſtill, and forbearing (as I told you) to eat, commits itſelf to *Nature*, which not being thwarted by *Phyſicians*, nor interrupted by *Phyſick*, cures it without any ſharp Pains; and conducts it from Youth to old Age, free from any great Infirmity.

PHYS. I am glad to hear a Man rank himſelf among the Beaſts, and to ſubmit his Reaſon to their Inſtinct.

PATIENT. Not ſo neither; I do not think myſelf more skilful for the Preſervation of my bodily Health than Beaſts are for the Preſervation of theirs. If their Reaſoning be ſhort, it is ſolid, and if ours be large, it is the more wavering. Whence I conclude, that if there be fewer Wheels and Movements in their Clock than ours, it is the truer for that; and all our Strikings and Allarms, our Minutes and Seconds, with the Moon and Tide, ſerve only to put us the more out of Order.

PHYS. I confeſs the Wheels of your Noddle are a little too much out of Order; you muſt be let Blood, and that quickly too, in the Foot, and in the Arm, ſucceſſively, without Interruption.

PATIENT. Nay, ſince the Matter requires ſo much Haſte, you might have ſaid in all the four Limbs.

PHYS. You laugh, but it is no laughing Matter; nay, if blooding you in the Arm and Foot be not enough, we'll blood you in the Neck, in the Tongue, and all over, if we have a mind to it.

PATIENT. It is not ſaid without Ground, that it's far better to do as *Phyſicians* do, than to do as they bid you do. This

PHYS. This Itch of tattling ſhows a Depravation of the Organ, and a great Tendency to a ſudden Phrenſy. To prevent this Volubility of Tongue, and Swiftneſs of the Pulſe, we muſt proceed by ſpeedy and ſpecifick Ways. Quickly then, go call the firſt Surgeon, warm ſome Water, make ready Bands, but chiefly let us raiſe this Head, and apply a live Pigeon to it with all its Feathers, to fortify the Weakneſs of the Brain.

PATIENT. If the laſt Remedy you ſpeak of be good, it's more proper for you than me. But it is ſtrange that you forbid others to make any Noiſe about ſick People, and yet keep ſuch a ſtamping with your Foot, and a bawling with your Directions, which will not be obeyed. I am ſo weary of hearing you give your Directions, and ſo ſick of obeying them, that I'll have my Turn of ordering too. Hold your Tongue then, I command you; or I'll make you be quiet, for I am Maſter here.

PHYS. Hey-day! what Language is this? The World's turned topſy-turvy. Fire! Fire! Where ſhall I find enough of *Nenuphar* Water, and of the Salt of *Saturn* to aſſiſt the Boiling and Effervescence of Blood and Choler, which ſend out Fire and Flames into all Parts. *Arides* quickly, hey, to curb theſe *Alcalis*: And that we may join Topicks to internal Medicines, let a cooling Bath of Frogs Spawn be forthwith made ready, but above all Things let there be Calves and Lambs in Readineſs, for this will not be over without Transfuſion.

PATIENT. Can there be more Extravagancy ſaid in fewer Words?

PHYSICIAN. What a deal of Veal Broth, and Chicken Broth muſt paſs through this Body? not to reckon

reckon the Emulsions, Apozems, and Soporificks, which go before the Use of the Juice of Chervil, and of Whey clarified with Fumetory.

PATIENT. If we'll believe one Sect of *Physicians*, all Diseases proceed from Heat, and stand in Need only of Blood letting and cooling Medicines. Consult others, and they'll tell you that the same Diseases proceed from Blood-letting, the natural Heat is to be strengthned and increased. These prescribe Wine, Cordials, nourishing Food and open Air. Those again; at first cut you short of your Commons, blash your Stomach with cold Liquors, and thin Broths, and choak you up in a close and stifling Air: as if outward cooling were more dangerous than those Drenches wherewith they inwardly chill the Body: What is to be in such Contrarieties.

PHYSICIAN. You confound the offensive with the defensive. A Conqueror cannot signalize himself without Effusion of Blood.

PATIENT. The Question here is not of making Conquests. I say the sick Person is upon the defensive, and that by consequence he ought to imitate the Example of that great General, *qui cunctando restituit rem, who by delaying re-established the Commonwealth.* Besides, seeing Cold is the Symbol of Death, were it not better to quicken and encrease our natural Heat, than to diminish and extinguish it? at least, I find my self so well with this Maxim, that I'll keep as I am.

PHYSICIAN. In what Condition then do you take yourself to be?

PATIENT. Nay, I ask you that Question?

PHYSICIAN. How can I know if you do not tell me?

PATIENT.

PATIENT. You don't know then ſo much as a Farrier.

PHYSICIAN. Fy, Fy, are not you aſhamed to ſay ſuch mean Things, I ſhould be unwiſe to take any Notice of it.

PATIENT. Leave thoſe ſlighting Terms to your *Phyſicians*, from whom they have been borrowed. One ſhould never ſay *Fy*, but of *Phyſick*, and all that belongs to it.

PHYSICIAN. Ha! ſpare your Quirks, I am not for idle Quiddities, but ſolid Reaſons. Tell me then ſeriouſly, if you can, you who talk ſo much of *Nature* and Sickneſs, what *Nature* and Sickneſs are: For I will ſo ſtop your Mouth, that you ſhall not have ſo much as a Pun or quibble to anſwer.

PATIENT. It's an eaſy Matter to ſatisfy you, as thus. *Nature* and Sickneſs are the Heads of two contrary Parties: You are for Sickneſs, and I for *Nature*: You fight for Death, and I for Life.

PHYSICIAN. How do I take the Part of Sickneſs, who make Medicine conſiſt in waging War againſt it.

PATIENT. Call you that to make War againſt Sickneſs, to pitch upon the Time when *Nature* is engaged with it, to fall foul on her, robbing her of her Blood when ſhe requires Strength, and giving her Poiſons to fight with, when ſhe is ready to ſink under her Adverſary? to this you may add, that if in the Heat of this War, *Nature* makes a Truce to take a little Breath; preſently you Cup, Scarify, Gliſter, and ſo alter the State of Affairs, that Victory which enclined to *Nature*, turns to the other Side, Death.

PHYS. And you pretended Champions of *Nature* what do you do?

PATIENT. Seeing we have not the Vanity to impose any Orders upon her, we do no more but send her the Assistance she demands, and without puzling ourselves to know if the Enemy be in the Blood or in the Humours, when we have well recruited *Nature*, we are certain that she'll overcome the Evil, because no Force but that of *Nature* is able to subdue Diseases.

PHYS. Who doubts that? and therefore our whole Intent is to manage the Strength of the *Patient*, that we may bring him to *Health* again.

PATIENT. Nevertheless your Practice is quite contrary. For when a *Physician* is called in the Beginning of a Sickness; they come prepossessed, that the Town is full of none but Enemies: and in that Persuasion as soon as they enter they charge all they meet with, without distinguishing the Good from the Bad, or the Innocent from the Guilty. Seeing all they propose to themselves is the clear Evacuation of the Place; when they have got their Ends they cry, the Town's our own, imagining that it will be as easy for them to re-people it with new Colonies, as it was to drive out the old Inhabitants. But the Church-yard rises in Judgment against these mortal Practices.

PHYS. I see you know not what *Physicians* are, if you knew them better, you would not speak as you do.

PATIENT. I know them so well, that if you please, I'll give you a Character of them in two Words.

PHYS. Pray let's hear it.

PATIENT.

PATIENT. They are a Set of Gentlemen who entertain the Patient with cramp Words and hard Names, till *Nature* cures, or *Phyſick* kill him.

PHYS. A fine Character truly, and nothing leſs than a Miracle can cure you of your Phrenſy.

PATIENT. I am not at all afraid of my Diſtemper; but I ſhould have Cauſe enough to be afraid of Phyſicians were I Fool enough to truſt them any more? call then what you pleaſe, the Condition I am in, I am reſolved not to change.

PHYS. Keep in your fools Paradiſe: However tell me, why are ye ſo great an Enemy to *Phyſicians?*

PATIENT. I'm an Enemy only to their Practice, not their Perſons, I cannot endure they ſhould impoſe upon credulous Minds; and that under the Veil of *Nature*, they ſhould follow a rotten Method, which makes them preſcribe the ſame Things in all Diſeaſes, without Reſpect to Sex, Age, Conſtitution, Climate, or Seaſon; and that truſting to their Privilege, and that the Law obliges them not to take out a Pardon under the Great Seal, they kill all indifferently both Friends and Foes.

PHYS. You think then we have no Conſcience.

PATIENT. Not ſo all together; but it may be with your Conſciences, as with the Dogs to whom your Anatomiſts cut the recurvent Nerves to hinder them from barking.

PHYS. And ſo you conclude that the Faculties is like the *Old Man of the Mountains and his Aſſaſſins*: I mean that ſhe breeds her Sons, if not with Deſign to diſpatch all Men, yet at leaſt with Proſpect of killing methodically all our *Patients*.

PATIENT. No I do not think you kill them deliberately and with Deſign; no, your Ignorance is more

to be blamed than your Malice for such Murders; and we are persuaded that it is no Fault of yours, if your *Patients* and their Infirmities be not immortal.

PHYS. To hear you speak, a Body would think that *Physicians* never cured any Man.

PATIENT. Nor are they indeed cut out for curing the Sick, but for comforting those who survive the Dead.

PHYS. Nevertheless, were I to engage in open War against the Hereticks of Medicine, such as you are, I should desire no other Aid for overthrowing of them, than the Assistance of those who owe their Life to my Skill and Labours.

PATIENT. In that Case, I should look upon you to be so ill accompanied, that I would make Conscience of bringing a Second with me; because the Laws of Honour do not allow two to fight against one.

PHYS. If all were of your Mind, I perceive, we should be once more banished the Commonwealth.

PATIENT. That could not be done now, if at present Men desired it, as then they did, to have Families numerous in Children; but seeing now-a-days they are thought most happy who have none at all, and that you contribute much to the attaining to that Felicity, you are looked upon as a necessary Evil; nay, it is the present Mode too, that every one die after your Way. And to compleat your good Fortune, the Dead, who ought to call you to an Account, are not revengeful; and the Widow and Heir, who eye the Estate more than Revenge, let you escape.

PHYS.

PHYS. And so at one Clap we are both accused and sentenced, and may the next Step be hanged too, if any Body will be at the Charge of it. But have you forgot that golden Sentence, *Honora Medicum propter Necessitatem. Honour the Physician for Necessity sake.*

PATIENT. No, I have not; and for Proof of that, *Honour the Physician*, in *Greek*, signifies, *Pay him his Fee*; which I never failed to do, that I might confirm you in your Aphorism, *Dat Galenus Opes*, Galen *gives Riches*. But have not you likewise observed in the same Place where you had your golden Sentence, that the Lord having promised long Life to those whom he loves, adds, that to be avenged on him that offends, he will make him fall into the Hands of *Physicians?*

PHYS. Sure enough, to the End the *Physician* may render him Good for Evil.

PATIENT. However, if you'll believe *Corn. a Lapide, Ecclesiasticus c.* 38. 15. upon the Passage, he'll make it out to you, that Sickness is like a criminal Process; that the *Patient* on that Occasion is the Prisoner, the Instruments of Chirurgery, and the Potions of the Apothecary, the Engines of the Rack and Torture; the Lord, the Judge; and the *Physician*, the Executioner.

PHYS. These *Doctors* fancy that the Books which they comment, are like the ringing of Bells; and it's an old Saying, *As the Fool thinks, the Bell clinks.*

PATIENT. To justify these Authors, I could load you with an infinite Number of uncontroverted Instances, but I shall content my self with these two Verses.

Carnificum

Carnificum periere manu Rex Anglus & Uxor,
Sustulit hunc Cromwel, sustulit hanc Medicus.

That is, *The King and Queen of* England *died by the Hands of the Executioners.* Cromwell *put him to Death, and the* Physicians *her.*

PHYS. These Citations suit very well with your Temper; *Physicians* are certainly much to be pitied! what Miracles soever they may work, they still procure more Blame than Praise, so unjust and unthankful is Man naturally. Does any one fall Sick? we are sent for in all Haste, and received in Triumph. Is the Party cured? they send us back, avoid our Company, and many Times cheat us of our Fees, so that having in the Beginning of the Sickness reverenced us like Demi-Gods, in the Recovery from it, they look upon us as Devils.

PATIENT. I am not of the Mind that ye are so much to be pitied as you pretend. On the contrary, I know no Profession more happy than that of *Physicians.* Is any killed by them? the Earth presently buries their Crime; does *Nature* save a *Patient* out of their Hands? they claim the Honour of it; and the Sun illustrates their pretended Victory.

PHYS. Oh, Injustice! can we cure all the World? are Men immortal? are there not incurable Diseases, sudden Deaths, where we cannot come in Time, and far less foresee them? what shall I say, *Contra vim mortis non est Medicamen in horti. The Gardens affords no Remedy against the Power of Death.*

PATIENT. It's your Negligence and not the Disease that's incurable; had you thoroughly studied the Ancients and Modern, who have searched *Nature,* to her very Center, you might have preserved those in *Health,* whom you have deprived of Life; but you

are

are ſo headſtrong and opinionative, that you had rather die, than ſuffer the Uſe of a Medicine, which *Hippocrates* and *Galen* have not recommended to Practice.

PHYS. Theſe Searchers of *Nature* are ſilly Blockheads. Not one of theſe Bellows-blowers but has a Million in his Head for a Penny in his Purſe. They never ſee a *Patient*, but they imagine his Body to be a Furnace; his *Heart* a Crucible, his Blood and Humours, Sulphur and Mercury; and making uſe on all Occaſions of the Lungs for Bellows; they pretend by the Force of Words to perſuade you there is nothing more eaſy to be found, than the *Philoſophers Stone*: and if you will not believe them, they deſire a Crown of you to buy Bread. I am ſo tired with their Impertinences and your Follies, that I'll hear no more. Beſides my other *Patients* want the Time I loſe here.

PATIENT. Never vex your ſelf upon that Account, your *Patients* ſuffer leſs in your Abſence, then when you make then loll out a Foot of Tongue, and ſqueze and preſs their Hypochondres. You'll be with them ſoon enough, to aſſure them, as moſt important News, that they ſhall have the *little* Chicken Broth, which you promiſed them laſt Night for Dinner; to which you'll add as a ſingular Favour, the Permiſſion of ſucking and chewing the *little* Bones of the boiled Chicken and Veal. And as a tranſcendent Kindneſs, they ſhall have for Deſert, the half of a *little* roaſted Apple, or a *little* of the Liquor of ſtewed Prunes, with a *little* Piece of Bisket. All this delivered in a coaxing Tone, and with a ſmirking Mouth, which is not to be endured but in a Nurſe that looks bonny upon her Babe, when ſhe has a mind to play and fool with it.

PHYS.

PHYS. I would willingly know of you who pretend to so great Skill, what you would prescribe to one upon Recovery from a Sickness?

PATIENT. To eat while he is hungry, and to drink while he is dry, of what he has most mind to, allowing him for Company at Table, *Taste*, *Appetite*, nay and the *Fever* it self.

PHYS. A fair Way to dispatch more, than we kill according to your own Reckoning.

PATIENT. Pardon me there: For I would not keep a sick Person in a Slip during the whole Course of his Sickness, seeing I would give him leave to eat and drink, and if by chance he commits some little Excess, it would be an easy Matter to make Amends for it by *Patience*, Experience, and Abstinence.

PHYS. Ho, ho, do you speak of *Patience* and *Abstinence*, that is *Secretum non Revelandum*. That is, *A Secret not to be revealed.*

PATIENT. And why is not that Secret to be revealed, if it be good? Be ruled by me, shut up your *Physick* Schools, or model your Faculty after a Parliamentary Manner; let it have an upper House to punish the Rich Nobles, (who have eat but too much, when were they but well,) with Hunger and Fasting; and a lower House appointed for the inferior People, to oblige them to eat and drink of what is good; making the rich Man's Ordinary, the poor Man's *Physician*; and the Labour and Abstinence of the Poor, the rich Man's rule of Diet. That's the only Way to work good Cures, and to regain your Reputation.

PHYS. We are not to be advised by you. And consider, that you cannot do without us.

PATIENT. Of what use do you take your selves to be to a sick Person? you are just to him what a Pass-

port

port, he runs headlong into the Ambuſh, and is killed, before ever he be asked *who comes there*. In the mean Time they come off with, *it's Pity he's Dead*, but his Paſs-port was ſuperanuated, and he ought not to have truſted to it ſo raſhly, as he did.

PHYS. And what do you conclude from this Extravagancy.

PATIENT. That *Phyſicians* are like Rails on Bridges, which are uſeleſs to Paſſengers, who have the Wit to keep from the Sides.

PHYS. There is no End of your Inſults. However your Phrenſy is ſingular, and I'll obſerve it, to the end that I may entertain the Publick, with an Idea of perfect Folly.

PATIENT. I ſhould alſo recriminate on the College; if Tyranny went not ſo far as to force thoſe who reflect on *Phyſick*, to bear the Marks of the Faculty.

PHYS. Could it do leſs for putting a Stop to the Inſolence of thoſe who publiſh, that we do no more but let Blood, Purge, and give Glyſters.

PATIENT. Yet for all your Defences, you are daily expoſed on the Stage with the Habit, Look, Tone, and Gate, which you affect moſt.

PHYS. What you ſay of the Stage, we matter not, we muſt do Good for Evil, I'll prepare you, an *Elixir* of the *five Hellebores*, with *Agarick*; in Order to put a Stop to the Diſtemper of that rackt *Brain*, for I pity your Condition.

PATIENT. Keep your *Hellebores* for thoſe that truſt in you: You know that *Phyſick* is mortal to a *Body* in Health, and though I were as much diſturbed as you would have me, the beſt Remedy ſtill is Reſt.

I order it, and I'll take it. As for you, it is my Advice, that you ſhould renounce the Art you profeſs; for it is not lawfull to follow a Trade you don't underſtand, and give your ſelf wholly to the Study of *Nature*; that's better Advice than I ever had from you. However I am obliged to you for your Compaſſion; for it's a rare Thing for a *Phyſician* to deal ingenuouſly, Adieu. If you come in my Way again you ſhall not eſcape ſo well.

CONVERSATION XII.

The PHYSICIAN *ſpoken of in the foregoing Converſation, having been long in ſearch of* NATURE; *finds her, ſpeaks to her and ſubmits to her Laws.*

PHYSICIAN. NATURE.

PHYSICIAN. PRAY what's the Reaſon, that of late Men have ſo little Regard to Life, that they will make no more Uſe of *Phyſicians*.

NATURE. Becauſe Men deſire to live, and *Phyſicians* kill them.

PHYS. I am very well ſatisfied that a Man of Senſe, who has ſtudied his own Conſtitution, may during the whole Courſe of his Life be without *Phyſicians* for if one turn but in the leaſt in the little Circle of our Ways of acting, it is eaſy to obſerve, that the Revolutions are always the ſame.

NATURE

NATURE. If Life consisted only in making several Turns in one and the same Circle, it would happen that instead of turning Children, Men would turn young again: Life is not what you take it to be. When I light a Lamp, I fill it with Oil, and leave the Conduct of it to Reason, which preserves it from the Accidents to which it is obnoxious: Nay, I suffer her to dispose of her Match as she thinks fit; and thence it is, that they who double it, consume it sooner than they who divide it into smaller Threads.

PHYS. We say the same, that Men cannot husband too well the radical Moisture you speak of, as of an Oil or Balsam, and therefore think that in all Things we agree.

NATURE. And for my Part, I think by your Discourse, that we agree in nothing at all.

PHYS. At least, this is common to us both, that we cure the Patient who calls for Help.

NATURE. Art thou ignorant that I abhor Blood? and hast thou forgot that Physicians thirst after it, who never enter the House of a Patient but by Force of Arms, Terror going before, and Death following them at the Heels?

PHYS. And how do you enter there?

NATURE. I am there before the sick Person perceives it; of myself I dart a Beam of Hope and Gladness into his Heart: And if the Desire which I suggest to the Patient be not thwarted by a Physician, I shew him in my Train Health and long Life, conducted by Patience.

PHYS. Who dares to thwart you?

NATURE. Such a Phyſician as thee, who neither underſtanding the Diſeaſe, nor the Remedies that are proper for it, buſies thyſelf about the Patient, in doing the Office of an ordinary Cook, ordering Broths, Jellies, and Barley-water, as if you laboured to increaſe the Sickneſs, by what the ſick Perſon has the greateſt Averſion to.

PHYSICIAN. Can one do better at firſt, than to uſe light Food, and benign Medicines. Afterwards, following your Foot-ſtops, we proceed to Purgatives: For it is prudent not to haſten any thing in the Beginning.

NATURE. When one falls, can he be too ſoon raiſed up again? Acknowledge frankly, if thou would'ſt be inſtructed by me, that it's thy Ignorance, and not the Diſeaſe, which makes thee temporize.

PHYSICIAN. I confeſs, that in the beginning of a Diſtemper, we have but very confuſed Notions of the Evil, and of the Remedies, ſo that you would do me a matchleſs Favour, to inform me in what manner Creatures act, from their Birth, to the time of their Death.

NATURE. For that End, thou muſt addreſs thyſelf to the Agent which I have in every Creature.

He it is that directs it to the End which I have propoſed and diſpoſes ſo abſolutely of it, that through him onely it ſubſiſts.

PHYSICIAN. What you call Agent, is that which we call Reaſon in Man; Inſtinct in Beaſts, and Virtues in Plants.

NATURE. What I call Agent, is myſelf; I animate and diſpoſe Matter according to the Intentions

and

and Idea's that are unknown to thee. So that one Spirit moves all the different Specifications in the World; as the ſame Wind makes all the different Pipes of an Organ to play.

PHYSICIAN. Till now I always thought, that an Animal was nothing but a Machine, all the Art of which conſiſted in ſome certain Springs, which made it move, without being ſuſceptible of Pain or Pleaſure.

NATURE. Suppoſing it to be ſo, tell me who made that Machine? And who put it in Motion? For there is no Effect without a Cauſe, nor any Motion without a Mover. If thou anſwer, that it is I; who hath revealed to thee that I am made up of pointed, globular and ramified Particles? And who hath given thee the Power to meaſure me by Circles and Squares, as if I were a Property of Mathematicks? I, who inform all that is contained in the Elements.

PHYSICIAN. Inſtruct me then, how I am to ſpeak, that I may not diſpleaſe you; for I will exactly perform all that lies in my Power, that I may come to the Knowledge of you.

NATURE. If thou ſtudieſt me, thou ſhalt know me as much as Man is capable of, and needful for him. But never expect to attain to it, ſo long as thou ſee'ſt not by the Eyes of the Mind, what the Elements contain; for the Elements which thou ſee'ſt are, to ſpeak properly, but the Bark of the Elements, which I uſe in the Compoſition of Creatures. Haſt thou never obſerved, that ſo ſoon as a Creature is dead, if the Fire be ſuffered to ſend back the Parts whereof it was compoſed, unto their ſeveral Places, there will remain no more but a few Aſhes, all

all the reſt, eſcaping thy Sight, enter again into the Boſom of the Elements from whence I took them.

PHYSICIAN. The Notion that I have of the Elements, is, that they are in continual War one with another, whether they act of themſelves, or by means of that univerſal Spirit you ſpeak of, which inſpires the ſame Diſſention into all Creatures.

NATURE. That Spirit is ſo great an Enemy of Diſorder and Deſtruction, that ſo ſoon as ever it is united to a new Creature, it conceives ſo violent a Love for it, that it applies itſelf ſolely to the conducting of that Creature to the End, which I have propoſed to it. And though for the perfecting, preſerving, and defending the ſame, it muſt uſe a great many different Means, nay, even Wiles, and Stratagems, yet it omits Nothing that is to be done in performing what is preſcribed to it, becauſe nothing can divert it from its Duty. But ſeeing Self-love might render the Creature ſo wild, as to become independent on Society, I impoſe a Neceſſity upon it of having need of another to perpetuate itſelf.

PHYSICIAN. I cannot comprehend how one Spirit can at the ſame time act in ſo many different and contrary Ways, and as little conceive what Matter that is, which eſcapes our Sight, and whereof you make uſe, in the Compoſition of all Creatures.

NATURE. To underſtand both, conſider thoſe Vapours that riſe out of the Sea, admire the Beauty of the Clouds which they compoſe, which having long hovered in the Air, and been driven to and fro as the Wind lifts, that they may be the better penetrated and impregnated by the Beams of the Sun; being at length, unable to bear the Weight of the rich Spoils where-

wherewith they are loaded, you see how they fall upon the thirsty Earth in gentle Showers, which in Gratitude for that Kindness, sends forth a Perfume more delightful than the Odour of Flowers. Scarcely have these so much wish'd-for Showers refreshed the Fields and Gardens, but they produce almost as many different Effects, as the Clouds contained Drops of Water. In the mean time, these Drops of Water meeting together, gather themselves into a Body, return to the Sea, and laying aside their Mud, recover their Saltness again. If then by means of the grossest Parts of the Elements, I can produce so many Wonders, judge what that Spirit must be, that animates and keeps them in Motion.

PHYS. I fancy that these Showers and Dews only refresh and moisten the Earth, without contributing any thing else to the Productions you speak of.

NATURE. That's because your Mind reaches no farther than your Sight. Consider that the Virtues of the Sun-beams, though they be conveyed under Ground by the Rains, yet lose not the Disposition they have of returning to the Place from whence they came. As these Waters then are filtrated in passing through the Earth, so those Spirits disengage themselves, and are detached. Now, if in mounting upwards again, they meet with any Seed or young Root, they cleave to it, as a ready way to facilitate their Ascent to the Regions of the Air. But their Motions and Agitations in these Seeds and Roots, instead of opening their Prisons, lengthen only their Chains, and serve to make the different Extensions and Growth of Plants, Trees, and, in a word, of all Creatures.

PHYS.

PHYS. I admire what you say, tho' I do not fully understand it.

NATURE. Wonder not at that, the Body of Man is not a Vessel solid enough to confine a Mind capable of Knowledge. Thou canst only receive a slight Tincture of it, because Men are filled only with Opinions.

PHYS. But is there no Knowledge mingled with Opinions.

NATURE. If Mens Opinions contain any Knowledge, that Knowledge is like *Willy with the Wisp* in a dark Night, whose Light is more apt to make Travellers lose their Way, than to set them right, whereas the Knowledge I speak of is like the Sun-beams, which burn every thing they touch, if they be in the least contracted.

PHYS. Our Opinions however are founded on Reason that springs from our Understanding.

NATURE. If Man had Understanding, Reason would be of no use to him. Man is blind, and makes use of the Art of reasoning as of a Staff to grope the Way with. Hence it is that he does but nibble and feel so long as he lives, without being assured of any Thing.

PHYS. What Judgment is then to be made of those great Men, who have left us Books full of so profound Knowledge, that no new Thing can be discovered in the Theory or Practice of our Profession, which may not be found in their Works.

NATURE. The Learning of the Doctors you speak of, is but as Perspective in Painting; the nearer we approach the Picture, the more we are undeceived; touch it, and their is nothing of those great Distances that

that reached out of Sight. Would you wholly break the Charm, ſcratch but the Cloath, and you'll find by diſcovering the Thread, that that which thou takeſt for a Depth, has not ſo much as an Appearance of it.

PHYS. But to return to our Knowledge; could you not ſo temper the Beams of it, that I might feel ſome ſweet Influenee of the ſame?

NATURE. That is not to be done in the Senſe you imagine, which is to know a thing by itſelf.

PHYS. What can you then do for me?

NATURE. To inform thee that I have encloſed in all Creatures a ſimple Reaſon, or Art of Living, which ſtands it inſtead of a Knowledge how to ſubſiſt. Now I have diverſified that Talent in ſuch a Manner, that not one way of living is like another; nay, even ſo far, that the ſame way of living in one and the ſame kind of Creature, hath its different Practiſes, according to Countries, Seaſons, and Chances that happen. Nevertheleſs, all theſe ways of living proceed from the ſame Source, and center there again.

PHYS. I have always been told, that Nature was ſimple, and without Art.

NATURE. I am not without Art, but without Artifice: For I call the *Art or way of Living*, that Natural Light which I give to every Creature to be governed and conducted by, whilſt it remains in being.

PHYS. That's to ſay, that you diſtribute more or leſs of that Light to every kind of Creature, according to the Inclination that you have for it; and that the Irregularity which is obſerved in them proceeds from that.

NATURE. I love all my Productions alike, and the Virtues and Wonders which they contain within, and exert without, though they be different and oppoſite, yet yield to one another in nothing. For Inſtance, is there any Thing more precious and leſs corruptible than Gold? Nevertheleſs the great need that Men have of Iron, makes this as uſeful to them as the other. Is there any thing on Earth endowed with more incomprehenſible Virtues than the Loadſtone? And yet the ſmalleſt Seed that ſprings, grows, and returns again to Seed, is a ſubject more worthy of Admiration. For I would have thee know, that the Plants thou treadeſt upon, are ſo many precious Boxes, variouſly painted and figured, which contain as many different Treaſures.

PHYS. What! make you no Difference betwixt an Inſect that is produced of corrupt Matter, and a perfect Animal, the Fruit of Generation?

NATURE. Thou talkeſt of Corruption and knoweſt not what it is. All are produced after the ſame Manner; and one Creature has nothing to boaſt of more than another. As to Inſects, which thou ſlighteſt without Reaſon, my Art of Living appears in them better concerted and followed, than in Creatures of a bigger Volume. For all Creatures, which cannot without the Aſſiſtance of their Fellows, provide for their Neceſſities and Security, unite together, labour in Society, and live in Common; and that's the Reaſon why a Company of Bees or Ants, Beavers, or Badgers, effect Things of greater Admiration, than all that can be done by a Stag or wild Boar, a Tyger or a Lion, which lead a lazy and ſolitary Life in the Obſcurity of Dens and Woods; without building Palaces divided into ſeveral Apartments, without providing thoſe Victuals which are the Delights of an innocent Life; and in fine, without employing

ploying the Stratagems that the greateſt Generals Practice for the Defence of their Country. Thus a ſingle Spark is nothing, but when many join together, they make a Flame.

PHYS. You conclude then, that the Reaſon of Man is but a bare Art of Living, juſt ſo as Beaſts have theirs.

NATURE. I thought I had made thee ſufficiently to underſtand by what I have ſaid, that in all this Diſcourſe I only ſpeak of the Animal Part of Man, for that's the only Thing here in Queſtion. Thou knoweſt by Experience, that in thee I diſcharge the Functions of the Body, and never perform them better, than when thou meddleſt leaſt in them. So every Man that's wiſe truſts me with all the little Offices of the Organs. Seeing he cannot comprehend the Structure and perfect Harmony of the Body, he thinks it enough to give Praiſes to him who hath made him the Keeper of ſo precious a Maſter-piece. But ſince that is not the preciſe Point in Hand, let us return to the Arts of Living, wherewith I gratifie living Creatures.

PHYS. Well then, tell me, I pray, what is the End you propoſe to yourſelf in all theſe different Arts?

NATURE. The Conſervation and Propagation of Kinds. I ſtamp that Impreſſion upon all that hath Life, and even upon Things which to thee ſeem deſtitute of Sentiment. But I inform them in different Manners, and by Ways that thou knoweſt but little of.

PHYS. Either that Impreſſion wears out, or you are not obeyed; becauſe your Creatures deſtroy one another, and ſeem to acknowledge no Law, but that of the ſtronger.

NATURE. I have already told thee, that that which thou calleſt Deſtruction, is but the Execution of the different Ways of Living amongſt Creatures: For there is not one of them which for Preſervation of its Life, does not ſtand in need of a peculiar Food? now when it finds it, it takes it, even to that degree, that in caſe of need, it devours Creatures of its own Kind, and in an urgent Neceſſity, feeds on Part of it ſelf.

PHYS. To prevent ſuch cruel Extremities, could you not make your Creatures ſubſiſt on Air, Water, and Earth, without being obliged to deſtroy your Maſter-pieces, for Life's ſake?

NATURE. I do ſo, in Regard of ſome Animals, which live meerly on what they draw from the Water and Air; but ſeeing others want more ſolid Nouriſhment than Reſpiration, I diverſifie the Food I prepare for them a thouſand Ways; yet ſtill with that Care, that the more of this Food is conſumed, the more it encreaſes and multiplies. Now, I allow not Plants, Inſects, and defenſeleſs Animals the Privilege of a ſpeedy Growth, and exceſſive Multiplication, but on Condition they ſhould imitate Fountains, Brooks, and Rivers, which ſo ſoon as they come out of the Earth, run all over the World, to quench the Thirſty; according to theſe Orders, Aliments thus ſpecified preſent themſelves to the Creature that needs them, to the End, that by eating them, it may add to its Lamp the Sparks of Life, contained in thoſe little Productions.

PHYS. Man may juſtly then kill other Creatures for Food.

NATURE. If it were Injuſtice to eat Living Creatures, it would be no leſs to feed on the Seeds of Plants, Fruit of Trees, and Eggs of Fowls. Man

my

may without Scruple, make uſe of the Productions of the Earth and Water. That's to ſay, of wild Beaſts, and Fiſh: For as to thoſe which thou breedeſt at Home, and honoureſt with thy Protection, be ſatisfied that they repay with Intereſt the Care and Food thou beſtoweſt on them, ſeeing they ſtrip themſelves to enrich thee with their Feathers and Fleeces, and that they feed thee with their Eggs, and quench thy thirſt with their Milk. Not to mention the Pain they ſuffer in labouring thy Land, and in carrying from one Place to another the Fruits of their Labour: The Pleaſure they afford thee when they are Young; the Eagerneſs wherewith they accompany thee to Game, and their Faithfulneſs towards thee even to Death.

PHYS. If that Part of the Creature only nouriſhes the other that feeds on it, what becomes of the reſt? Is it loſt?

NATURE. There is nothing loſt of that which is contained in a Veſſel that has no opening; though their Parts change their Place, their Colour and Figure, yet they are not annihilated. Soaped Water blown upon with a gentle Breath, produces an infinite Number of Bubbles, which ſucceſſively deſtroy one another. Yet ſtill Nothing is loſt nor diminiſhed; what breaks off from the reſt of the Matter falls back into it again; and as it is Air that moves theſe Bubbles within, and environs them without; ſo the Spirit that animates Creatures, and that which is got looſe from the Shackles of Specification, is but one and the ſame Spirit.

PHYS. Suppoſe nothing of Matter is loſt, yet theſe various Changes ought to alter it.

NATURE. If a Piece of Earth or Clay may an innumerable many times come under the Hands of the Potter,

Potter, and come out again always in a new Shape and Figure; by ſtronger Reaſon the Maſs of the Elements is capable of all theſe Tranſmutations without being altered. For my Part, I ſport and play in theſe Viciſſitudes.

PHYS. I believe ſo; but what's the Reaſon that we ſee the Potter prepare the Earth, and that we perceive not what you are a doing, till your Work be pretty far advanced?

NATURE. The Reaſon is, becauſe the Artificer is without his Work, and I am within mine. Nor can he imitate more than the outſide of the Egg, to me only it belongs, who am within, to form and animate the Chicken.

PHYS. Might not we ſee the Diſpoſition of Things at that time when you intend to ſpecificate Matter?

NATURE. Yes, by the Eyes of the Mind, but not of the Body, becauſe I begin my Work in an unperceptible *Point*; and from thence, as from a Center, I trace to myſelf a Circumference proportionate to that Center, which I fill as I ought, under the cover of a Veil; for no Man ever ſaw me openly at Work, inſomuch, that my Work is more than half done, when it begins to fall under thy Senſes.

PHYS. What's the Reaſon of that?

NATURE. Why, becauſe the Matter I make uſe of from firſt to laſt in the Compoſition of a mixt Body, cannot be perceived by bodily Eyes, though it be cloathed with the Elements. Now, that Matter is no where to be found in greater Abundance, nor more within my reach, thanin the Air: And therefore, it is the Store-houſe of that precious Treaſure. Out of the vaſt Reſervatory then, which is above thy Head, and without the reach of thy Senſes, do

do I form the Multitude of the Water-works which embelliſh the Graſs-plot of the World, and which riſe higher or lower, according as they draw their Influence from on High. For thou muſt know, that Life is but a gentle dropping of Living Waters, of which the Stars are as the Sources, and which falling from Heaven upon Earth, ſpirt out in all Places upon this Theatre of the Univerſe.

PHYS. I admire you, and am loſt in the Maze of Thoughts which your Oracles ſuggeſt to me.

NATURE. Do'ſt thou begin to comprehend any thing of this?

PHYS. I cannot tell; but thus much I'll ſay, if you'll give me leave, that at preſent I look upon you as an immenſe Spirit, to which the Elements which our Senſes perceive not, are inſtead of a Body; that all Creatures are its animated Organs, and that it is only by their Actions that we diſcover you.

NATURE. Thou conceiveſt then how I animate the Organs.

PHYS. Not fully, but making a Judgment of you by theſe Actions of the Organs, I fancy that your Body corporifies your Spirit, and that your Spirit ſpiritualizes your Body: However it be, I am raviſhed to ſee with what Dexterity you open the hardeſt Stone of a Fruit, from whence, as from a Point, you bring forth a Creature of a vaſt Bulk and prodigious Weight, the Earth, in the mean time, which bears that Date-tree, or Oak, neither diminiſhing nor ſinking under the Burthen. And, which is ſtill to me more incomprehenſible, with admirable Skill you bring back and reduce the Eſſential Parts of that Production into as ſmall a Point, as that from whence it ſprung; with this Aſtoniſhing Circumſtance, that it

it was single when first it grew, and that during whole Ages, it yearly produces innumerable Numbers of Vegetables like itself.

NATURE. Could'st thou but penetrate into the Secrets of that Point, there thou would'st find in Abridgment, the Oak and Date-tree, with all their Proportions. But I only wish you were so sharp-sighted, as to discern the Texture of the Parts of Insects, that thou mightest judge of their true Harmony when they are in Motion. If thou could'st enter into that profound Scrutiny, thou would'st confess that the meanest Particles of which thou art composed, cannot be more distant from what thou art at present, than thou in the State thou'rt in, art from that vast space contained within the Firmament.

PHYS. I know enough, to make me adore the Hand, which in so small a Compass, hath so skillfully fitted all things necessary for such strange Performances, that Insects, almost imperceptible, can trace themselves several ways in a hard Skin; the other can skip and jump in the Air a thousand times higher than they are in bigness. And that there are some, who in the Night time sound a Charge, and fall cruelly upon Lions and the stoutest of Animals; insomuch, that I am convinced that you deserve greater Admiration in your less Productions, than in your greater.

NATURE. You say too much.

PHYS. Alas! what would not I say of your inexhaustible Fecundity and vast reach of Fore-cast, if by letting me see you openly, you had taught me to praise you as you deserve. All that remains to me to be done, is to cry out in Extasie, *O the Power and Wisdom of that Spirit!* which can dispose and shape so many different Bodies in the Manner they ought to

to be, for the Execution of various oppoſite Ends and Deſigns.

NATURE. Theſe are Praiſes which don't belong to me; the Power which I exert is nothing in Compariſon of the Omnipotence of him who hath truſted me with it. If I diſpoſe the Elements, it's by his Orders. His Power is equal to his Will. Does he will a Thing? it is. Does he call that which never was? it is preſent, and ſubſiſts ſo long as he pleaſes. No ſooner did he ſay, let the World be, but the World ſtarted out of Nothing. So alſo when he ſpeaks, the Heavens hear, the Earth hearkens, the Winds ſtop their Breath, the Sea ſmooths the Swelling of its Waves, the Mountains ſhake to the very Foundation, and fear ſeizeth on all living Creatures. I myſelf preſſed in Duty, wait but the Word of Command for Execution of his Orders: For it is with me, in reſpect of him, as with Lightning, which, though it ſeems to go before, yet indeed comes after the Thunder-clap.

PHYS. What! is there a Deity ſuperior to thine; Tell me, I pray where it is, what it does, and what it ſays.

NATURE. Do'ſt not thou underſtand what the different Revolutions of the Stars, wherewith the Heavens are adorned, ſpeak of the Author of the Univerſe? See'ſt thou not how the Earth teſtifies its Gratitude to him by the Return of Seaſons crowned with Flowers and Fruit? Does not the Majeſty of the Sea imprint upon thee a reſpect towards him? What do'ſt thou think of the regular Motions of the vaſt Ocean? What ſay'ſt thou of all the Creatures, which thoſe great Bodies either ſuſtain or contain? Art thou ignorant of all thoſe Divine Languages?

PHYS. No, I begin to distinguish what till now I always confounded. I am so illuminated with this new Light, and so transported by these great Truths, that now I am convinced that the Mind of Man is not capable of Knowledge. I cannot hear nor retain any more, for now I am satisfied and contented.

NATURE. That's not enough. That I may fully cure thee of thine Error, I will have thee precisely to know the Difference betwixt the Sovereign Being, and Nature. The Almighty creates, and Nature produces. I animate Creatures, but it is he that gives the Stock of Life, that takes it away, and restores it. And as Art strives to imitate Nature, so does Nature Labour to attain to the Perfection of the Creator. But it is in vain for me to torment myself, because I depend on Principles: All that I can do then, is to put the Creatures in Motion, and so to govern them, that, if it be possible, before they have finished their Course, they may be in a Condition of leaving others after them that may trace the same Footsteps. But seeing these Courses are unequal, hence it is, that it is to be observed in me, that at the same time, and in the same Place, some Creatures are born, and some die; that some corrupt, and others tend to Perfection; to which, as I have just now said, they cannot attain; for my Power is no less stinted in the End than in the beginning of all my Works.

PHYS. Now am I so well instructed, that I perfectly conceive that it is with you as with the Sun, who in all the Moments of his Course, rises and sets somewhere; so that your continual Motion, as well as his, is a certain Proof of your Dependance and Subordination.

NATURE. Thou hast hitherto said nothing better, though the Comparison of the Sun quadrate not exactly

actly in all Senſes: For to ſpeak properly, that Luminary never riſes nor ſets. He is a Fountain of Life, whom all the Planets, who ſtand in need of his Fire, ſtrive to wait on, that they may rejoice in his Light; nor do they abſent themſelves, but with Regret from him;

PHYS. Theſe Things are a little too high for me: Have the Goodneſs only to tell me, if the Defects that are to be ſeen in Creatures, be an Effect of the Limits that are ſet to your Power.

NATURE. The Faults which thou obſerveſt in Creatures, are never occaſioned by me. The Order on my Part is good, but the Matter cannot always anſwer what I demand from it. Nevertheleſs, however a Creature appears to thee in its Imperfection, yet it ſtill contains more Wonders than thou art capable of comprehending ſo long as thou liveſt.

PHYS. Alas! our Life is ſo ſhort, that it is hardly ſufficient to give us a Glance of you; however, I heartily conſecrate to you the little remaining Time I have to live, if you will but condeſcend to tell me, how I ought to employ it.

NATURE. As to thine animal Part, imitate the Animals, who learn by obſerving what others do, and never tranſgreſs the Bounds ſet to their Kind.

PHYS. Do the Animals any thing worthy of Obſervation, or of the Imitation of a rational Man?

NATURE. Moſt Certainly, they do nothing but what deſerves your beſt Attention; ſtudy their Forecaſt, and the Pains they take to gather and preſerve their Proviſions. Admire their Skill in making their Neſts, and placing them ſecurely; the Circumſpection they uſe, and Hazards they run to ſave their young One's; how neatly the Dam brings them up;

how dexterous she is in finding them Food, in preparing and dividing it among them. In fine, observe the Kindness that Animals have for those who do them good; the Satisfaction they take on those who injure them; their Courage, Generosity, and above all, their Constancy in one kind of Life, and thou'lt find in their Conduct, enough to rectifie your own.

PHYS. But yet I think, that for one Animal that does any thing regularly in Appearance, or by Chance, there are a thousands that live disorderly.

NATURE. No, I tell thee: Most part of Animals when they have eaten, if they be young and at Liberty, they play; if they be old or weary, they take their Rest, and of Actors turn Spectators. When Hunger seizeth them again, they seek out how to satisfie it; and the Exercise they perform for procuring their Food, seasons and makes it better for them. In fine, they lead a quiet and peaceable Life, and have no Quarrels one with another, unless sometimes during the Heat of their Amours or Hunger.

PHYS. Is it not so with Man, who is never more tractable, than when he is most amorous?

NATURE. Give me not Man for an Instance; he is, of all Creatures, and in all Things the most irregular, especially in his Amours, in which he burns and consumes like the *Phœnix*, hoping to spring up again anew from his Ashes: Or otherwise he is a Boulter, which being continually tossed and shaken, retains nothing but the Bran.

PHYS. I perceive you would conclude, that we ought to imitate Animals in their Duties, their Plays, and above all, in their Moderation, and Uniformity of Life.

NATURE.

NATURE. It is true. But I would that thy Reason, which is above the Elements, should act with that Pre-eminence and Excellence which is suitable to so exalted a Condition as thine is, that surpasses all Things visible in the Universe.

PHYS. I know very well, that what you have told me of the Body, is addressed to Reason; but what Road shall I follow to come to the Knowledge of the Virtues which the Elements contain, and of the Manner how you inform them? For what you told me of it, makes a deep Impression on me.

NATURE. To know how the Elements act, trust us with the Treasure of your Granaries, and observe the Steps that we shall take, to render thee the hundred fold of it better and more lovely: If thou would'st see that Operation under other Shapes, by your Care and Labour, invite us into thy Vineyards and Gardens, and we will there entertain thee with Delights and Plenty, whence thou may'st draw sound Consequences for the most desperate Evils.

PHYS. Since you are willing to make me Participant of your Riches, I heartily renounce all the Treasures of this World.

NATURE. Thou shalt not be the poorer for that. I have furnished all the Countries of the Earth with what is convenient for those that inhabit them and love me. I give them the free Enjoyment of every Thing, which is all that I can do for Man, because he can possess nothing in proper. Farewell, make good use of the Council I have given you, study and practice what I have laid down. And that's the Way to live long, and enjoy Health, without being burthensome to yourself or others. In fine, be persuaded that the Way *Nature* takes, is that which I most approve. Adieu.

PHYS.

PHYS. What! muſt I hear you no more?

NATURE. How doth that agree with what you ſaid not long ago, that you could not hear nor retain any more. Since that, have not you been told enough? You ought to be content.

PHYS. No, I am not. Confirm by one Word, I beſeech you, what now you have inſpired into me. One Word, I pray, after that, my Deſires and Fears ſhall be at an End.

NATURE. Though thou ſhould'ſt have no Cauſe to be afraid of others, yet diſtruſt thyſelf; and that you may be above the Reach of the Injuſtice of Men, renounce thine own Will and Intereſt, lead an innocent and quiet Life, pity the Evils of others, without exaggerating thine own. In fine, do good to all Men, and always ſpeak the Truth.

PHYS. With all my Heart. Can any Man do better than what you ſuggeſt?

NATURE. At length now you are ſatisfied.

PHYS. No Man can be more. But I am ſo afraid I ſhall forget what I have juſt now heard, that I am impatient till I write it.

NATURE. The only Caution you ſhould uſe, in reſpect of the Seeds wherewith the Soul of the World hath enriched yours, is to weed out of your Mind the bad Plants that the School hath raiſed in it, that they may not choak the Simples of Nature.

PHYS. That's not enough: The Murders I have committed, and the precious Talents wherewith I am now entruſted, require that I ſhould go and offer my Head to thoſe whoſe Relations and Friends I have killed, that by Diſcourſe and Example I may perſwade

ſwade them to ſubmit to the Laws of Nature: For I ſhall never die ſatisfied, untill I have made my Gratitude to her appear, by the Pains that I will take in reclaiming Men from Surfeiting and Drunkenneſs, and in curing them of the Evil of Phyſicians, and of the Errors of Medicine.

RULES and MAXIMS, to preſerve Health and prolong Life.

BEING deſired by ſeveral Friends to lay down ſome General Rules in Order to preſerve Health and prolong Life, I readily comply'd, and therefore to bring Things into an orderly Method. I ſhall begin with the Day.

And firſt, when you riſe out of your warm Bed don't enter immediately into a fluttering Night-gown, Beau Cap and Slippers. But keep your Head and Neck a little warmer, with Additions to what you wore in the Night; buckle up your Shoes quick, girt your Cloaths tight about you, 'till your Pores are gradually clos'd.

After an Hour or two waſh and dreſs: Rub your Teeth with a little fine Salt, waſh and gargle your Mouth with fair Water. This preſerves your Teeth firm and ſound, and keeps off Tooth-ach and Swelling.

About

About nine o'Clock, take ſome ſlight Breakfaſt, as Water-gruel, Barley-broth, Flummery, Milk, Milk-pottage, Barley-cream. Bohea-Tea, or green Milk-Tea.

Milk-Tea, is my own Breakfaſt, throughout the Year. —— I put three Spoonfuls of cold raw Milk into my China Diſh, and ſweeten it to my Palate with 8d or 9d Sugar; thus ſeaſon'd, I drink 3 or 4 Diſhes in a Morning with Delight and great Benefit.

I chuſe green, rough Tea; for thus us'd 'tis more cleanſing and grateful. Several have followed my Example herein with great Benefit: Therefore I mention it.

And for Dinner obſerve. Firſt, to buy ſuch Proviſions, as are in their proper Seaſon. For many things are to be had in great Plenty, which are not wholeſome Nouriſhment, being out of Seaſon.

The other is, That the Females of all things are the fineſt Food and beſt Nouriſhment, while young: But when they come to breed, &c. the Males are preferable.

Abhor'd be ſtrong Beer, Ale, Wine, or a Dram of the Bottle in a Morning.

If any are ſo ill accuſtom'd, let them immediately conſult Nature. That their vitiated Stomachs may be reſtor'd to their natural Heat and Strength, and their inflam'd Blood, quieted down to a juſt Conſiſtence and Temper.

About twelve or one o'Clock reſort to the Place of Dinner, where begin not too eagerly, tho' Appetite preſſes forward. Eat deliberately, chew well: For your Teeth are to macerate your Food, and mix it with a vivid Saliva, that ſprings forth in the Action: And is of more Benefit to Fermentation and Chylification than moſt People are aware of.

Obſerve

Obſerve the Cravings of your Stomach, and don't affect to force it by Wines, Pickles and guſtful Sauces.

Don't eat a great deal haſtily, and drink in moderate Proportions at ſeveral times while you are eating.

The firſt time you think you have pretty well done, ſtop, be ſure then, 'tis enough for that Meal.

Midling Beer, a little hop't is of ſufficient Strength for moſt Perſons.

Having thus temperately din'd. Don't preſently fall to Tea, Coffee, Fruit, *&c.*

Abſtain 5 or 6 Hours, then the dilutive Cup may be moderately taken, or a little wholeſome Fruit, and proviſion made for a moderate Supper, contriv'd of ſuch things as are leſs ſubſtantial, than what was for Dinner, and of a little ſtronger Nouriſhment, than what was mention'd for Breakfaſt. Every one's Invention is quick enough for his Belly.

To keep your Body in due Temper, obſerve a temperate Diet. For a little well digeſted and aſſimilated preſerves the Body ſtronger and more vigorous than Superfluity.

Eat not, becauſe the cuſtomary Time for it is arriv'd, unleſs your Appetite be ſo too. For to charge the Stomach with a new Supply upon a Semi-digeſtion of the former Meal, cauſes Crudities, and a foul Stomach, which muſt clog the Body, and procure Diſeaſes.

Unequal Proportions of Meat to Drink, and Drink to Meat are injurious.

'Tis a very good *Italian* Proverb, *He that will eat much, let him eat little*: For by eating little at a time, he prolongs his Life, and ſo makes it up.

An empty Stomach receives with Delight, digeſts with Strength, and promotes a good Concoction; which make Aſſimilation, thriving and a wholeſome clean Body.

'Tis better to eat twice a Day with Moderation, than to make one over-large Meal; tho' you do abſtain above double the uſual time, for Compenſation.

However, if you have tranſgreſt at any Meal, abſtain from the next; or let it be a very thin one.

Have your Variety not at the ſame, but at ſeveral Meals.

Forbear Employ of Body or Mind, till half an Hour, or an Hour after Dinner.

Sit not cloſe to the Fire, even in cold Weather, preſently after Dinner: For it raiſes Fumes, and hinders Digeſtion: A cool Air will ſtrike the Heat inward, to help the new Acceſs.

Neither eat nor drink preſently after Exerciſe, or when you are hot: Stay till Nature has recall'd her diſſipated Spirits.

Canary, Sherry, White, or Rheniſh Wines are not ſo fit at Meals (where Wine is allow'd) as Claret.

The former over-heat and glut the Stomach; the other accelerate the Food, too ſoon making it paſs crude, and ill digeſted. Claret corrugates the Stomach, ſtrengthens its one, moderately warms and ſo retains the Food, and helps a good Concoction.

But young Perſons, whoſe Stomachs are warm and ſtrong, need not this Help. Nay, Wine is hurtful for 'em.

The too early uſe of Wine and ſtrong Drinks ruins thouſands by devouring the natural Heat, and firing the Blood into feveriſh Frets and Conſumptions.

The creating of falſe Appetites with Wine and other ſtrong Liquors, in the firſt uſe of 'em, provoke to Gluttony, and after that weaken and deſtroy the Stomach.

For, beſides the preying on the vital Fire and radical Moiſture; they relax the fibrous Folds of the Stomach, and incline to a Nauſcea, and Reachings, next to ſpewing, and to Diarrhœas, and Fluxes, and many naſty Diſtempers.

A

A ſtrong Body may bear for a while, with an irregular Courſe of Diet, better than a tender Conſtitution, which is ſoon ſenſible of Diſorder. But at length he cuts ſhort his Days to what they might be, while the puleing Perſon out-lives him.

I have often obſerv'd, for many Years, that the Sickly and Infirm ſurvive the Robuſt and Bold, who live at any, or no Rate; while the others live by ſome Rule.

To come now to my other Directions, relating to moderate Exerciſe or Labour, ſo as to promote the neceſſary Laws of Perſpiration.

All due Exerciſe makes the Body lightſome brisk and airy, increaſes natural Heat, promotes a good Concoction in the Habit of the Body: Beſides a convenient Expulſion of Excrements.

And here take this Note. Never baulk Nature's firſt Motions to Evacuation.

Immoderate Exerciſe waſtes the Fleſh, fires our natural Heat, frets the Blood, begets the Scurvey (which looks like a Paradox) by chaſing the fixt Salts into ſuch an Ebullition with the Spirits, that they tear the balmy Texture of the Blood, and make void its Continuity, which is the *Vinculum*, or Tye of Life.

Perſons of a thinner habit of Body, are very apt to be damaged, by too long or too violent Exerciſe. Groſs and corpulent Bodies will endure it with leſs Hurt.

The Meaſure to be obſerved (as in Diet) cannot be the ſame to all Bodies; nor to the ſame Perſons, at all Seaſons.

So much Exerciſe as promotes a full Perſpiration, without ſweating, is a convenient mean: For it ſhould be *ad ruborem non ſudorem.*

Moderate Exerciſes rarifies and plumps the Fleſh, dilates the minuteſt Paſſages, making Way for new Nouriſhment and Air to refreſh and ventilate.

In Respiration, we don't expire at Mouth and Nose what we inspire: But some Part of every Draught of Air breaths through our Pores, as is obvious by laying your Finger on a bright scour'd Dish, you'll see the Effluviums condense.

Use Exercise in the Forenoon, but give over half an Hour before Dinner. In the Evening 'tis proper again.

Be not violent at it, nor continue it too long; but desist with Refreshment and Pleasure.

Let every one please his Fancy in innocent Recreation, only secure a *Decorum*.

Betwixt no Exercise and too much, I'll leave you to exercise your Discretion.

Intend your Exercise gradually, and abate so: Then you need no extraordinary Garment, when you come off from it, or fear catching Cold.

For from a sudden Warmth to a sudden Chilness, there's Danger.

'Tis an healthful Sign, to feel lighter and brisker at Exercise, than really one is.

The turgid Effervescence of the Spirits, by Exercise expands the Pores, ventilates the Blood, and throws off those *Effluviums* which endanger Fevers, by amassing, gross, malignant Humours.

But violent Exercise sooner destroys the Body, than the want of it.

Therefore consumptive Bodies, and those that are hot, cholerick, and lean, which require but little and mild Exercise, must be caution'd against Excess in Recreation or Employment, as well as in Meat and Drink: Least they break up their tender Crasis of Blood, and by firing the Spirits make 'em prey on the pure Balsam of Life. They must rest much more than others, and often settle their Spirits by Ease of Body and Mind.

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